HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 769.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES.

BISHOP AMES comes of New England stock, his family having migrated to the West from Massachusetts. He was born in Ohio, and in 1831 joined the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Conference then included in its bounds a large part of the State of Indiana, where the most of the ministerial life of Bishop AMES prior to his election to the episcopacy was spent. He and his quondam colleague, Bishop SIMPSON, were for long years the controlling spirits of the Methodism of Indiana. Each supplemented the other. If SIMPSON was eloquent, AMES was sagacious; if one irresistibly swayed the masses, the other was all-powerful in counsel. It was often said of Bishop AMES in those days that if he had chosen a political career, he could have commanded any office in the gift of the State. To his honor be it recorded that he has never for a moment turned aside from the ministerial work to which he consecrated himself in early life. He has been a man of one calling, and has followed that calling with entire consistency.

His election to the episcopacy took place in 1852, his co-worker, Bishop SIMPSON, being elected at the same time. His episcopal career has been a great success. A happy mental organization enables him to perform a great amount of work with perfect ease. His routine duties as a presiding officer are often relieved by jets of humor, which help greatly to dissipate the asperities of debate. His personal appearance is suggestive of a broad nature, well rounded, and full of reserved power. In preaching his manner is composed and gentle; a mellow voice catches and holds the ear, and in his closing appeals there are always touches of tender pathos.

The recent trial of Dr. LANAHAN brought Bishop AMES very conspicuously before the country. His courageous adherence to his convictions in forming and expressing his decision has won for him the applause of all right-minded persons. What he did on that occasion was entirely characteristic, for he is a man of unfaltering courage—one who will, at all hazards, stand by what he conceives to be the right. As of the Chevalier BAYARD, so it can be said of Bishop AMES, that he is "without fear and without reproach."

THE REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES.

BISMARCK'S HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Austrian journal gives a description of Prince Bismarck's estate at Varzin, and of the Chancellor's mode of living there. He writes: "The village of Varzin has nothing striking about it; but when it is passed the road turns to the right, and, after climbing a hill, we pass between the cow-sheds and the barns, and thus reach the court of the country-seat which Prince Bismarck has chosen for his favorite retreat. It is a simple dwelling-house, neither better nor worse than those of the landed gentry of the district. No æsthetical architect has been employed to ornament it. It seems as if no one had been bold enough to attempt to rival the attractions of the park behind the house. Kew does not surpass it in beauty, nor do Torcy and St. Germain equal it in grandeur. It was this park which induced Prince Bismarck to purchase Varzin. Close behind the house the undulations of the soil begin, and the park gradually merges into the woods, and forms, with them, one broad green ocean of foliage, which seems here and there broken into forest waves. Grand beeches, ancient oaks, pines, firs, and birch-trees lend variety to the view. In the midst of them lies the estate. Its soil is neither very good nor very bad; it produces average harvests of rye, and the Baltic sand, the bane of the husbandman, only shows itself here and there. Such pieces of ground have long lain fallow. It takes six hours to drive round the estate; and Chomitz, where there was formerly a glass-house, with Bohemian workmen, also belongs to Varzin. The Wipper flows through a part of the domain, and forms its boundaries in other places. It adds both to its beauty and its value, as the rapid stream, which is well stocked with trout, is used to float the timber of Pomerania to the Baltic. Prince Bismarck only allows trees enough to be felled to let sufficient air and light into his woods. His letters to his sister show how dearly he loves farming and hunting, the forest, and the quiet life of a country gentleman. Since the first Napoleon no one has made so much noise in the world, and yet by nature he is inclined to a contemplative life.

"This year Varzin wears a more tranquil aspect than in 1870. Then the Chancellor had just retreated from the world, and was beginning to enjoy the sweets of repose, when the telegraph announced the affair at Ems; no one, however, thought of preparing to leave the country. On his return from a short excursion Prince Bismarck found dispatches awaiting him. He entered the sitting-room with the words, 'In half an hour we must start.' 'But where are we going, and why so soon?' 'To Berlin, and then farther: they are getting insolent again.' On the afternoon of the following day Bismarck was in Berlin. His confidential secretary packed his papers together, and arrived two days later. When he went to the ministry, at nine o'clock on the 15th July, war was declared, and Prince Bismarck had just returned with the King from Brandenburg, to which place he had hastened to meet his Majesty.

"Now there is no reason to fear that the quiet of Varzin will be disturbed by similar occurrences. The Prince and his family live a retired life, and keep all those whose curiosity brings them into the neighborhood at a distance. After breakfast the most pressing business is dispatched by the side of the pond behind the house, in the shade of the beech-trees, and then the Chancellor hastens into the forest, generally on horseback, to inspect the improvements which are being made. He is noted for his kindness to the villagers. The landed gentry of the neighborhood frequently visit the family, where they always find a hearty welcome, and the relatives and friends of the Prince, many of whom live in the province, often spend several days with him.

"The house, though it can not be called handsome, is spacious, and there is room enough in it for twenty or thirty guests. In the course of time Prince Bismarck will probably rebuild the house, and make it into a kind of castle. In the park of Varzin there is a large heronry. The herons are the first birds to come with the spring, and the last to leave with the autumn. The males fly twice every day to the sea-shore in search of food; they are the sacred birds of Varzin. The woods abound with wild swine. Herds of from twenty to thirty may frequently be seen. Other game is also plentiful, and this year I hear it is to be hunted with the Chassepôt. Thus the times change.

"Hitherto Prince Bismarck has retired to Varzin for the purpose of recruiting his health by a quiet life among the fir-woods. This year the period of rest was less indispensable than formerly. The campaign in France has restored him to vigor, and made him seem fresher and stronger than before. Politics are a forbidden subject in the house, with the exception of the interesting episodes of the last war, which are often related and discussed. There is no stiffness at Varzin; that would be opposed alike to the character of the host and the fine tact of the hostess. I believe her chief wish is that the time may not be far distant when they will be able to retire altogether from the noise and bustle of the busy world to the quiet enjoyments of Varzin. And the 'Pomeranian Squire,' as he often calls himself, would have no objection to the change."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

Circulation 122,000 Copies.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *accompanying this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains an exceedingly interesting account, profusely illustrated, of*

Farming in the Great West,

as exemplified in the Mammoth Farm of M. L. SULLIVANT, *in Ford and Livingston counties, Illinois; the continuation of*

"Lord Kilgobbin,"

by CHARLES LEVER; *short Stories; and other interesting features.*

PARTY ORTHODOXY.

A REPUBLICAN in the interior of Missouri, who says that he shall support General GRANT if he is renominated, writes that we seem to deny the name of Republican to those who are not in favor of his renomination, and the *Evening Post* of this city thinks that we advise the New York Convention to recommend it. The *Post*, however, will observe that, while we stated that we supposed the Convention would point with pride to the great results of the Administration, we said nothing and implied nothing whatever about recommending a candidate. Such a measure would be extremely unwise, and we do not believe that the Convention, even should the friends of a renomination control it, will express an opinion upon the subject.

Our Missouri friend would search our files in vain to find any support for his theory that we repudiated the Republicanism of all but those who think a renomination expedient. He will find that we have uniformly said that those who deny the expediency have mentioned no other candidate upon whom there would probably be hearty agreement, and we have especially regretted that so good a Republican as Mr. GREELEY has refused to state the grounds upon which he opposes the renomination of an officer who, as he declares, will be better fitted for the duties of his position in 1872 than he was in 1868. We have, however, plainly and steadily opposed what are known in this neighborhood as Tammany Republicans, who have been most graphically described and unsparingly denounced in the *Tribune*. They, indeed, are opposed to the renomination of the President; but it is not for that reason that we are unfriendly. It is because of their alliance with the Tammany Ring, of whose enormous corruption and misrule the whole country is now aware. It is because no man can serve two masters, and they have chosen as theirs the most unscrupulous and perilous cabal in the country.

Our Missouri friend asserts that there is a faction of Republicans in his State who are determined to force the renomination of the President, and while frankly saying that he shall support it if made, he evidently sympathizes with the liberal Republicans, as the friends of Mr. SCHURZ prefer to call themselves. But another correspondent writes us upon the same subject: "The scheme of SCHURZ, and others that I could name, is to get into the National Convention as Republican delegates, and then say to it, as he did to the Missouri Convention last year, 'You must adopt our platform, and nominate our man upon that platform;' and bolt, as they did in Missouri, if their request is not granted." "And," says this correspondent, with some feeling, "your articles will be quoted to prove his honesty and Republicanism."

But bolting, however inexpedient and disastrous it may be to the party, does not necessarily imply dishonesty. The Free-Soilers bolted, as our friend will remember. And we certainly have no right to deny the Republicanism of a man who has always been conspicuously a Republican, who cordially sustains the great Republican settlements of the war, who now thinks, as many of the most unquestionable and trusty Republicans think, that certain other measures ought to be adopted by the party, and who distinctly declares that while he censures much in the conduct of the Republicans, there is still more in the Democratic party that displeases him. Mr. SCHURZ favors a general amnesty, revenue reform, and a thorough reform in the civil service; and he is opposed to the renomination of General GRANT. What he may do hereafter we can not say; but certainly to-day a man may hold such views without renouncing the Republican party or being excluded from it, for they are opinions upon which the party has not declared its position.

If, however, Mr. SCHURZ should retire from the National Convention because he did not approve a platform which the majority adopted, or the nominations which they made, he would, of course, withdraw from the Republican organization. Yet such a step would not impeach his honesty, while, as our correspondent will admit, the result might vindicate his sagacity.

Bolters never defeat a party unless they are so numerous that it is the height of folly in party managers not to have prevented the bolt. Nor can there be a fatal schism, cleaving a party asunder, until the great issues upon which it was formed are generally felt to be settled. While slavery was to be fought at the polls and in the field, the question of protection, for instance, did not disturb the Republican ranks. When slavery is abolished, such questions as protection again become prominent; and unless there be issues more immediate and imperative, how can Mr. GREELEY and Mr. BRYANT remain fellow-partisans? It is because there are such issues that the Republican party will not now crumble under the tread of any bolter. Corruption in all its forms, and not least in our system of the civil service; the spirit of disaffection which survives the war, and which is the possible source of the gravest difficulties; the Democratic alliance with political ecclesiasticism; and the plain Democratic tendency to repudiation, as freshly shown in Ohio—are perils a thousandfold more threatening than the rejection or adoption of a more or less protective system.

If, therefore, Mr. SCHURZ or any other distinguished Republican should bolt from the next National Convention, they would not detach any considerable following unless the action of the Convention should be so foolish as to seriously shake the whole party. He advocates, for instance, as we do, general amnesty. The present proscription excludes from office—not from voting—some thousands of ex-rebels. It is unwise, indeed; but no folly could be so great as to bring those ex-rebels into power in order to carry the amnesty. Revenue reform, also, is most desirable; but with a constantly diminishing debt, and the scope and amount of taxation yearly reduced, why call upon repudiators for a sounder financial system? Civil service reform is imperative; but the National Convention will undoubtedly follow the State Conventions in demanding it. Mr. SCHURZ thinks that the Ku-Klux legislation was unwise and unconstitutional; but would the possible ill consequences be remedied by intrusting the government to the Ku-Klux Democracy? For the question in 1872 will be, as it always is in politics, an alternative. Will justice, liberty, peace, and prosperity be more probable under a Republican than under a Democratic Administration, even if the Republican platform be not all that some of us might wish, and the candidates not those that we prefer?

We assure our Missouri friend that we make the preference of no candidate yet mentioned a test of Republican orthodoxy. There are those, indeed, whose nomination might fairly be held to show such demoralization in the party that good Republicans could not support them; but no such alternative has yet presented itself in the Presidential debate. For reasons which we have mentioned, and shall probably often repeat, the renomination of General GRANT seems to us most expedient for the Republican party. While in his administration, as in every other, there is much to be criticised, much also of what is said of him and it is sheer calumny. But if the party shall fairly decide that it will not fight it out upon that line, but prefers another leader, we shall follow the flag. And if at this time the withdrawal of General GRANT from the candidacy would obviously unite the party upon a more available candidate, we believe that the President, whose patriotism and devotion to the welfare of the country have certainly been amply proved, would not hesitate to withdraw. But his retirement would not produce that result. There has been no other person mentioned upon whom there is any probability whatever of harmonious union. In 1867, when the question of the nomination was agitated, if General GRANT had peremptorily declined, Mr. CHASE would have been unanimously selected by the sentiment of the party. But who stands now where the Chief Justice stood then? In the actual situation, therefore, the renomination of the President is as expedient as his nomination was in 1868.

PARTIES AND CITY REFORM.

IN the great meeting of the people of New York to take action in regard to the monstrous municipal frauds which have been recently exposed, Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER, one of the most respected of the German-Americans, and the editor of a Democratic journal, made a calm and careful speech. Mr. OTTENDORFER'S main purpose seemed to be to deprecate party action upon the subject. He has not been slow in his paper and in the German Democratic Committee to describe and denounce the city corruptions, and to call for explanations, but at the meeting he seemed to be less intent upon the wrongs than fearful that the method adopted to remedy them would be abortive because partisan. His hope was that each party Convention would condemn the frauds, and pledge its party to a repeal of the present charter and to the preparation of a new one by the voters of the city. Then every honest Democrat and honest Republican in supporting his own party would be voting for reform; and under the reform charter municipal affairs could be placed beyond party politics.

This may, perhaps, sometimes be done, but not permanently—and not probably, indeed, in a city the vote of which is so enormous that it often controls the State, and may, therefore, even determine a national election. In certain contingencies, and for especial purposes, party politics may be discarded in the city. When a dominant party, for instance, like the Democratic party in the city last autumn, is divided, the minority party may often wisely throw its vote so as to disable the more dangerous wing of the common enemy. But, as a rule, great measures of reform in this country can be carried only by party action. Mr. OTTENDORFER has, of course, seen that his own editorial voice has been quite solitary among his Democratic brethren of the press. The *World*, which two years ago prattled about war to the knife with the Ring, is now the most obsequious of squires, and breakfasts daily upon its own words. The Albany *Argus* merely says sullenly that the Republicans are another. A few Democratic papers in the country have vigorously denounced the authors of the frauds; but the general instinct and effort of the Democratic press have been to deny or to extenuate the monstrous truth.

Mr. OTTENDORFER sees, moreover, that, even if the charge of the *Argus* be true, and if the money fraudulently obtained has been used to buy Republican votes, these votes were bought by Democrats for the purpose of continuing and enlarging the frauds of the Democratic Ring. And he would doubtless agree that those who incessantly assert that Republicans are just as bad, "only that they haven't been found out," might, in the same way, allege that the judge is as bad as the thief, only he hasn't been exposed. Let him be exposed, then, and prove your words. When Republican frauds as immense as those proved upon the Tammany Ring, and not denied, are exposed and established in the same manner, it will be time to say that Republicans are as bad. To say it upon a general theory of human rascality is absurd.

We presume that the Republican State Convention will probably act in the spirit of the resolutions adopted by the great meeting. It will, we hope, declare for the repeal of the present city charter, and for enabling the wisest and best citizens to form a new one; and it will urge Republicans in the city and in the State to nominate no candidates to the Legislature who are not pledged to the reform of the city of New York. If, as Mr. OTTENDORFER hopes, the Democratic Convention does likewise—then what? Then every intelligent man in the State, who sees the threatening danger to the country and the government of the hideous corruption now disclosed in the city, will decide which of the two parties, by its character and traditions, is the more likely to achieve the reform. It is not—as we are sure so thoughtful a political observer as Mr. OTTENDORFER will agree—bad men only, but bad tendencies, bad principles, which are responsible for such rascalities as those of the Ring. It is not, therefore, to good men only, but to elevating influences, to the tendencies of intelligence and the moral sense, that we must look for the purification of our politics and the progress of civilization.

In this country the party to which the great body of the intelligent and industrious people belong, whose ascendency is maintained in the most generally prosperous and truly progressive States, is presumptively the party from which real and wise reforms are to be expected. It is not careful to call itself conservative, because its face is set forward, not backward; and it knows that the boast of conservatism is a sop to prejudice, not an appeal to heroism. On the other hand, a party which is identified with a policy of cruel injustice, whose dominance is surest among the least patriotic and the most aristocratic, ignorant, and reactionary part of the population, is not one to which a wise man will hopefully look for a policy of justice, progress, and reform. By such considerations the question of the city corruptions will be decided. We shall be very glad, in the interests of the country, if the Democratic Convention should declare unreservedly for city reform. But we shall still believe reform to be more probable under Republican ascendency.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY IN FRANCE.

IT is a curious fate which seems constantly to baffle the political hopes of France. We recently said that it was probable the Assembly would assume authority to make a constitution, and while we were saying it the deed was done. M. THIERS, who, on the 17th of February, 1871, was appointed by the Assembly chief of the executive power "while awaiting a legal establishment of the institutions of France," was, on the 31st of August, declared President by the same Assembly, which, at the same time, announced that it was entitled to constituent powers, "which have not been exercised hitherto solely from force of circumstances." But this Assembly was convoked for the sole purpose of declaring whether the war should be carried on; and having done that duty, its obvious function was to provide for the "legal establishment of the institutions of France" by calling an Assembly for that purpose.

The situation of the country when the Assembly met is not, indeed, to be forgotten. The only visible government was a revolutionary committee, self-appointed, and ratified not by the country, but by the mob of Paris. Upon the meeting of the Assembly this committee resigned its powers, leaving the Assembly the only organized authority in France. It was compelled, therefore, to take some initiative, for it could not make peace with Germany and then dissolve, leaving no government whatever. But its initiative should have gone no further than the maintenance of order and the summoning an Assembly to frame a constitution. For if it did more, if it declared itself authorized to make a constitution, it might by the same right declare itself to be the permanent government; it might proclaim M. THIERS dictator for life; it might recall LOUIS NAPOLEON, or the Count of Chambord, or the Count of Paris.

The plea for the action which it has taken probably is that, as the elections were free in January, the Assembly then elected represents in August the will of the people as fully as a fresh Assembly. But this is a reasoning which merely shows total misconception of popular and constitutional government, of which the very condition is the delegation of limited and specific powers. If, indeed, any imperative necessity whatever could be asserted, there might be some reason in the situation for an Assembly called to determine the question of peace or war assuming to decide the form of government. But no such argument can be urged. If the Assembly, instead of usurping powers not delegated, had provided for a constitutional convention freely elected, the situation in France would have been much less threatening. The usurpation was carried, amidst great tumult, by a vote of 433 yeas to 227 nays, M. GAMBETTA declaring that he would not accept even the republic from the present Assembly.

The precedent sometimes quoted of our own constitutional convention in 1787 is wholly inapplicable. That convention was first suggested by the States to consider the whole subject of confederation or union. Then the Congress of the Confederation resolved that such a convention was expedient "for the sole and express purpose of revising the articles of confederation." That revision took the form of the Constitution, which was accepted by the Congress, and then adopted by the people. The truth is that the English blood has the instinct of popular constitutional government. The French theorize about it, but they misconceive it and lose it. "In France," said GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT, the friend and biographer of DE TOCQUEVILLE (quoted in "Senior's Journals"), "we are not good balancers of inconveniences. As soon as we see the faults of an institution we break it. In England you calculate: we act on impulse. We should never have tolerated your Hanoverian kings, with their German favorites and their German policy. We should have turned them out in a year. You kept them until they were acclimatized and gradually became the best royal stock in Europe."

It is this impulse, combined with intrigue, which has led to the fatal mistake of the French Assembly. There was an opportunity of discovering the wish of France. The vast discontent which the BOURBON desolation and degradation left in that country, which lately showed itself in the Commune, and which has not in the least disappeared because it is for the moment silenced, might

have had a chance of being heard. Not that harmony was to be expected, but that some reasonable compromise should have been sought, based upon the actual situation. Mr. BIGELOW, our late minister in France, an admirable observer and close student of the country and its people, has just published a pamphlet upon France and hereditary monarchy which is well worth consideration. He says, what is probably indisputable, "There is probably no human imagination competent to devise a government for France which would be acceptable to a majority of the people; and for the simple reason that the French have been so many generations accustomed to be governed that they have no idea of the amount of personal rights or liberties a man can afford to surrender for the privilege of having the rest assured to him: and it is precisely this knowledge which constitutes political education." Mr. BIGELOW thinks that the first thing to be done in France is to make the chief executive officer elective at very brief intervals. This accords with DE BEAUMONT'S view, and would be adapted to the French impulsiveness which he describes. Instead of turning him out by force upon the instant, if they disliked him, the majority would wait and vote him out to-morrow. But, so far as can be now seen, personal intrigues have again baffled the hope of peaceful progress, and France has once more lost her opportunity.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

WE can not forbear to express once more the earnest hope that the Republican Convention in this State will honorably compose the difficulties which now exasperate and divide the party. The feeling has recently become much imbittered. Mr. GREELEY'S letters, and those of Mr. CORNELL, and that of General MERRITT, and the card of General PALMER, show a feeling which it will require great self-command and devotion to a good cause to reconcile. The situation is this: There has been a reorganization of the party in the city. Mr. GREELEY and General MERRITT claim that there was no occasion for it and no authority. Mr. CORNELL claims, on the other hand, that the manifest and notorious influence of Tammany upon the old committee, and the request of ten thousand good Republicans, furnished sufficient occasion; and that, without a precedent, the facts themselves authorized the reorganization.

There are many charges and counter-charges, but there is one point only upon which the Convention should fix its close attention. The fatal and enormous corruption of the Tammany Ring, which has been always suspected, is now publicly known and openly proved. It is the first duty of all honest men to rid the city and State and country of the monstrous incubus. Is there a plainer or more commanding duty of the Republican party than to purge itself of the slightest suspicion of complicity with that justly odious influence? We are sure that General MERRITT would be the first to say there is not. We know, for the *Tribune* is the witness, that Mr. GREELEY formerly asserted it with vehemence. Is, then, the old committee justly liable to the suspicion of Tammany influence? Mr. GREELEY has given us the names of certain Republicans as agents of Tammany. If those Republicans, shrewd, active politicians, are upon that committee, is there not just reason for that suspicion, which can be removed only by withdrawing the party from the control of such a committee?

Well, those Republicans are upon that committee. The very members of the sub-committee that reported Mr. GREELEY'S name for chairman are notoriously under Tammany influence—some of them hold office by Tammany appointment. Their selection as a sub-committee shows their ascendency; and they reported Mr. GREELEY'S name as a blind merely. Under such circumstances, why should a precedent for reorganization by the State Committee be required? The State Committee is not a body whose duties can be precisely defined. It must—and very much at its discretion, each member being responsible to all other Republicans—do what is necessary for the welfare of the party in the State. Could any thing be more imperative than the duty of relieving the party in the city of New York from all association with Tammany when the whole country cries out at Tammany with anger and disgust? We have no doubt whatever that if Tammany had reached out its hand in a Republican glove, and had made a chairman of the Republican committee of St. Lawrence County, General MERRITT would himself have moved in the State Committee that, if none existed, *a precedent be made* for calling a new committee, untainted with Tammany, appealing for approval to the State Convention; and the honest Republicans from Montauk to Niagara would have cried Amen!

What would be the effect upon the Republicans of New York and of the country if the Convention should, under the circumstances, sustain a committee some of whose most active members have been denounced by its own chairman as Tammany agents? The best men of both parties in the city of New York have just combined in a denunciation of the Tammany Ring as flagrantly corrupt and criminal. Will a Republican State Convention sustain a Republican committee in which the same Tammany has its agents upon the ground that there was no precedent and no express authority for providing another? Will it be said that the Tammany influence has not harmed the party? But their very presence is an incalculable mischief by destroying all confidence.

Grant that members of the new committee are public officers appointed by a Republican Administration and in harmony with it, is that a reason for preferring a Republican committee which embraces Tammany office-holders? Grant that the new committee is in favor of the renomination of the President, is that, again, a reason for retaining the influence of TWEED and HALL in Republican counsels? Grant that some of the most active friends of the new organization were formerly friends of Tammany, is that a reason for supporting the present friends of Tammany? If to have been an ally of Tammany was shameful, is it honorable to be an ally now? Grant that Mr. GREELEY has been a more orthodox Republican than Mr. MURPHY, is that a reason for preferring a committee in which Mr. GREELEY is associated with those whom he has himself exposed as Tammany agents, to a committee confessedly free from Tammany connections?

Of course there are Republicans upon the old committee who are wholly free of any suspicion of collusion with Tammany; and it is undeniable that many good Republicans have made the cause of the old committee their own. The Convention must, therefore, deal with the facts. Its first duty should be to determine, not what course will best serve the renomination of the President, but what will most surely harmonize the party, without which harmony all nominations will be ineffectual. Whatever the wishes of individuals may be, we have no doubt whatever that the Convention will really wish to secure that harmony. But it can be done only by mutual concessions. For party purposes the Convention is independent and absolute. It need be governed by no precedent, nor fear to make one. Its responsibility will be very great, for possibly in this Convention the Presidential election of next year may be lost or won.

PERSONAL.

MR. SPEAKER BLAINE has, in a brief letter to the Maine *Standard*, effectually extinguished the slanderous imputations that have been put abroad of his having acquired a large fortune by means of his public position at Washington. His letter, like his recent speech at Saratoga, is characterized by a vigor and directness that go straight to the mark. Mr. Speaker BLAINE is in the very prime of his powers. Although only forty-one years of age, he has had four years of service in the Legislature of Maine (two of which as Speaker) and eight years in Congress, and is now for the second time Speaker of the House. But the record he made as editor of the Kennebec *Journal* and Portland *Advertiser*, during several years' editorial work, was quite as distinguished as his political career. Journalism is his profession, though it is quite probable that the talent and vim that have achieved so much at forty-one will still retain him in public life.

—Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in an "Exclusively Personal" article in that paper, of August 29, over his own signature, gives an account of his differences with the editors and proprietors of the Louisville *Ledger* in style so trenchant, witty, and good-humored that it must have been enjoyed immensely by Kentucky folk and people of the South generally, irrespective of party. It is the best Southern article of the kind we have seen, and worthy the columns of a journal which the ability and wit of GEORGE D. PRENTICE have made famous. Of Mr. CALDWELL, the financial supporter of the *Ledger*, Mr. WATTERSON playfully remarks, in reply to the charge of being a card-player: "I rarely sat down to play the very small game of draw-poker, which is played by the club of gentlemen of which both of us are members, that he was not on the other side of the table....He plays an uncommon square, close game of draw-poker, settles more promptly than I am always able to do, and seldom swears or bluffs. I do not think that either of us will ever be dammed for the few offenses of that sort we may have committed. But if any damming is to be done, it ought to be impartial; and I venture to demur to the edict that sends me solitary and alone to that wicked place on a 'queen full,' leaving ISAAC CALDWELL at the table with the prosperous and happy aspect of a Christian who never goes in on less than two pairs, nor sees a raise on less than four aces," etc., etc., and more, quite as good.

—Lord BROUGHAM'S last passion was a passion for hymns. During the last two years of his life he collected all the various hymn-books he could hear of, and a verse from his favorite hymn is inscribed on his memorial tablet in the church at Cannes.

—Hon. JAMES F. WILSON, of Iowa, is formally announced as a candidate for the United States Senate from Iowa. Mr. W. is unquestionably one of the foremost public men and ablest lawyers of the West. President GRANT offered and pressed upon his acceptance two cabinet appointments, which he declined. He is now in the very prime of his powers, being only forty-three years of age. Born in Ohio, he removed to Iowa in 1856. In the following year he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected the year following. In 1861 he was sent to Congress, and was re-elected to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Congresses. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee he at once took and maintained a high position as a lawyer and debater. He was one of the managers of the ANDREW JOHNSON impeachment trial.

—ISMAIL PACHA, Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt, is not only one of the most absolute rulers of modern times, but is unquestionably one of the richest, his fortune being estimated at three hundred millions of dollars. He lives in a new palace that cost only about twice as much as our new County Court-house, except that the expense for plastering, plumbing, painting, puttying, and especially carpeting, cost infinitely less. The Khedive, who is only thirty-six, was educated in Paris, and is one of the most hospitable of men. At the Suez Canal celebration he entertained all the foreigners present, some sixty thousand in all, at an expense of twenty-five millions of dollars. He is the master absolute of seven and a half millions of people.

—A brother in the country remarks that "the first BUTLER of whom we have any record in ancient sacred history is Pharaoh's "chief Butler," of Egypt; the last BUTLER known to the readers of modern profane history is General B. F. BUTLER, of Lowell. With the exception of the fact that the first was *not* a temperance man, being addicted to his "cups," the parallel between the two is striking: both got into trouble with the national administration; both got "bottled up;" both were great dreamers; both enjoyed a poor memory; and both lived long enough to see some of their competitors "lifted up."

—We have pleasure in announcing that among the many musical events of the coming season will be the first appearance in concert of Mrs. F. PICTON ROWE, whose connection with some of the leading families of New York, and superior musical acquirements, will render the event one of more than ordinary interest. She is a pupil of Madame BRINKERHOFF, and those who have heard her in private predict for her a brilliant success.

—Several of Mr. GLADSTONE'S party are restive under the curb of that gentleman—conspicuously Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. LOWE, and others, in and out of the ministry, who are strong in Parliament. There is some talk of organizing a Liberal-Conservative party, with the Earl of Derby as leader, but it will probably be deemed impracticable. Lord Derby is a frigid, formal, accurate sort of man, able, well-informed, and all that sort of thing, but by no means possessed of the readiness, tact, good temper, and talent requisite for a premier.

—Colonel J. ROSS SNOWDEN, a writer of ability on financial subjects, is preparing, at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, a memoir for the national centenary "upon the time, place, and incidents of the composition, adoption, signing, and promulgation of the Declaration of Independence." This will include notices of the house where it was written, the desk used by Mr. JEFFERSON, the hall of Congress, the chair of HANCOCK, the bell of liberty, and as far as possible of the abode of each member of the Committee on Independence. It is also intended to illustrate the work with pictorial representations of historical places, persons, and objects connected with the Declaration.

—The Rev. W. H. MILBURN, "the blind man eloquent," has recently returned from a tour extending from Minnesota to Texas. He has added to his répertoire of lectures new ones upon RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, and "What a Blind Man Saw in California." Mr. MILBURN'S address for the season will be Jacksonville, Illinois.

—The recent death of JOHN SLIDELL abroad has led to certain curious legal proceedings in Louisiana in reference to his estate. Having died intestate as to his confiscated estate, and there being no surviving widow or heirs in Louisiana, the public administrator of New Orleans petitions to be put in possession of the property. The petition claims that the property of Mr. SLIDELL, sold under the confiscation acts, reverted to his heirs at his death, and that he could not dispose of said property by will or testament. The Court accordingly appointed attorneys to represent the absent heirs. Mr. SLIDELL was a man of large wealth, and at the very outbreak of the rebellion had the sagacity to sell a large portion of his estate and invest it abroad. This enabled him to live in a certain style of elegance, while the less thoughtful refugees were compelled to get a subsistence as best they could.

—ALI PACHA, Grand Vizier of Turkey, whose recent death is reported by cable, though only fifty-six years of age, has been continuously the occupant of important public positions since he was twenty-three, having at that age been chargé d'affaires at London. Immediately afterward he was Under Secretary of State, and since then successively the representative of his government at London, Vienna, and Paris. In 1857 he attained the highest position in Turkey, that of Grand Vizier. He was a man of first-class abilities, great firmness, yet with all the tact, good temper, honesty, and frankness necessary for a successful diplomatist and statesman.

—Father HYACINTHE has written a letter to Father PENAUD, a priest of the Oratory, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Sorbonne, in which he explains why he can not return to the place he has left vacant. He is fighting, he says, in silence and in isolation, against the fanaticism which is endeavoring to reduce the Church to the position of a mere political party. France has been invaded and ruined by the Ultramontanes, he adds, just as she has been by the Prussians, and ecclesiastically subjected by the court of Rome as she has been politically subjected by the court of Berlin.

—The members of the London School Board, the most important of the educational boards of England, are thus sketched in a letter to the *Evening Mail* by that clever literary man, Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY: "This School Board is in many respects more interesting to a stranger than the House of Commons. It is presided over by Lord Laurence, a retired viceroy of India, and one of the very ablest of Indian administrators. This man with the broad, square brow, the look of humor about the large mouth, the careless dress and careless attitude, and the easy, forcible style of language, in which every now and then an epigram sparkles and a profound thought is mirrored as he addresses the meeting—this is the greatest scientific controversialist, the most conspicuous *savant* in England—Professor HUXLEY. Near him is an elderly, old-fashioned, shabby, and demure-looking person, scant of hair and rather mean of aspect, seeming like an undertaker in depressed circumstances—and that is Mr. LUCRAFT, the renowned working-man, comrade of ODGER and BRADLAUGH, and member of the International. When he speaks, as he very often does at the meetings of the School Board, he is much more likely to back up HUXLEY than to agree with Lord Sandor, who sits beside him, or the Rev. Mr. ROGERS, a leading member of the Established Church clergy of the city. Opposite LUCRAFT sits HEPWORTH DIXON, and near DIXON is a neat, pleasant, rather pretty little lady, who was once Miss GARRETT, and as such fought her way bravely into the medical profession, and is now Mrs. ANDERSON. This lady speaks very well, and not too often, during the debates. The Board has one other feminine member, Miss EMILY DAVIS, a quiet, formal-looking lady, whom, if it were not rude, one would call old-maidish in appearance. Now these ladies can bear a good part in a discussion, and they do not talk too much....A great public Board, elected by popular suffrage, and which comprises a famous Indian viceroy, some lords and some clergymen, a working-man, a professional journalist, a renowned *savant*, and one or two ladies, is a novelty worth seeing, and still more worth studying."

—Hon. THOMAS FITCH, who represented Nevada in the United States House of Representatives in the last Congress, is in Salt Lake preparing a lecture on BRIGHAM YOUNG, whom he regards as one of the remarkable men in history. Mr. FITCH was born in this city in 1838, was educated in our public schools, removed to Wisconsin in 1855, thence to California, editing papers for a livelihood; then to Nevada, where he succeeded in getting elected to Congress. At the last election KENDALL, Democrat, defeated him by 330 votes.

—Two Belgian physicians, Drs. GRISHAU and HAGEN, have, after careful collation of facts, stated the following as the proportions which the consumption of tobacco bears to insanity in Belgium. From 1818 to 1830, the tobacco product being 20,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 10,000 insane reported annually. In 1832, with a production of 80,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 15,000 insane. In 1852 the product was 112,000,000 kilogrammes, the insane 22,000. In 1864, with a tobacco product of 180,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 44,000 crazy Belgians.

—General JOHN A. DIX is now a government pensioner at eight dollars per month. He served as second lieutenant of United States Infantry (regulars) in the war of 1812. Ex-Collector REDFIELD, now a resident of the western part of the State, was a private in the same war, and was put on the pension roll last winter at the same time and at the same figure with General DIX.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THERE was a mass-meeting of the citizens of New York city held at the Cooper Institute on the evening of September 4, to consider the condition of the municipal finances. The hall was crowded, and the audience seemed to be fully pervaded with earnest feeling. Ex-Mayor William F. Havemeyer presided, and eloquent and effective addresses were made by Judge Emott, Hon. O. Ottendorfer, ex-Governor Salomon, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, and Judge Pierrepont. Resolutions were adopted by the meeting expressing astonishment and alarm at the increase of the city's debt by $63,000,000 since the inauguration of the present Mayor; declaring the truth of the charges made against the city and county officials has been confirmed by the contemptuous denials with which the latter have met these charges; distinctly denouncing by name William M. Tweed, Richard B. Connolly, and A. Oakey Hall as guilty of corruption, and demanding either their exculpation or their resignation of the trusts confided to them; appealing to the next State Legislature to repeal the new charter; and authorizing the appointment of a committee of seventy members to carry out the objects of the meeting. A very able and efficient committee was appointed.

The California State election, September 6, resulted in the election of Newton Booth (Republican) for Governor, by a majority of from 5000 to 6000. Governor Haight, the present Democratic incumbent, was elected in 1867 by a majority of 9500.

The returns of the recent election in Wyoming Territory give the Republicans a majority of two in the Senate, and the Democrats a majority of two in the House.

The New Jersey Republican Convention at Trenton, September 7, on its second ballot nominated Cornelius Walsh for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A TERRIBLE railway accident occurred in Northern France, September 4, by which ten persons were instantly killed and a large number injured.

Sentence of death has been pronounced against four women, by court-martial, convicted of incendiarism during the siege of Paris, imprisonment in a fortress against one, and ten years' solitary confinement against another.

General Manteuffel, commanding the German Army of Occupation, announced September 9 the consent of his government to the evacuation of the departments around Paris.

Rossel, the Communist leader, has been sentenced to death.

Dr. Karl Marx, the leading spirit of the International Society, died in London, September 5, aged fifty-three years.

An explosion in a coal mine near Wigan, Lancashire, England, September 6, resulted in the loss of sixty-nine lives.

The English Republican Committee has issued its programme, embracing the following principles: "The application of the principle of federation to the kingdom; the abolition of titles and privileges; the suppression of monopolies; the abolition of standing armies; compulsory education; the state to provide work for those laborers who are able to work, and sustenance for those who are incapacitated from work; the nationalization of land; popular legislation; and the diffusion of republicanism."

The Emperors of Germany and Austria met at Salzburg September 6.

Gonzalez Bravo Murillo, ex-Premier of Spain, died at Biarritz September 8.

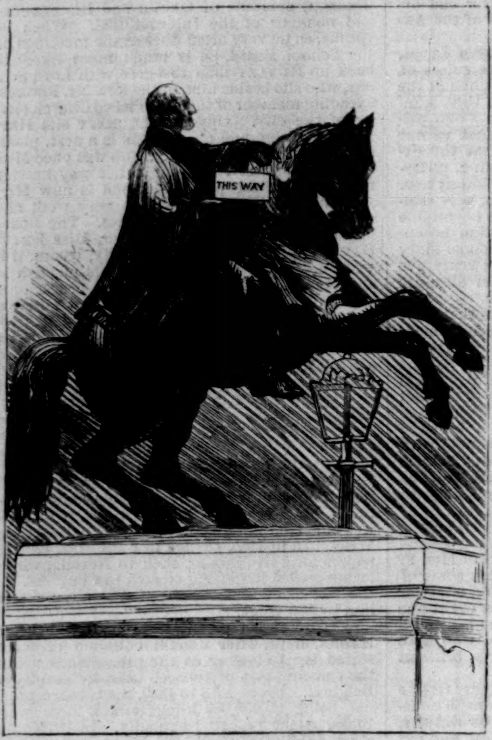
Ali Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, died September 6. Server Effendi Mostechar succeeds him.

The famine in Persia is reported to have abated, though at Tabriz the deaths still average 240 per day.

A destructive hurricane visited the Sandwich Islands August 9.

The hurricane of August 21, besides its devastations in the island of St. Thomas, was elsewhere very destructive. In the island of Antigua every estate was damaged. In the island of Tortola five churches were blown down or shattered by the hurricane. In the island of St. Kitt's 800 houses were destroyed, and 40 estates were nearly ruined. In the island of Saba the growing crops were destroyed.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT EDINBURGH.—HUMORS OF SCIENCE.



PLACARDS HAVE BEEN AFFIXED IN SPOTS TABOOED TO BILL-STICKERS OF THE LESSER SORT.

ALL HOTELS ARE FULL, AND ALL CABS ENGAGED.

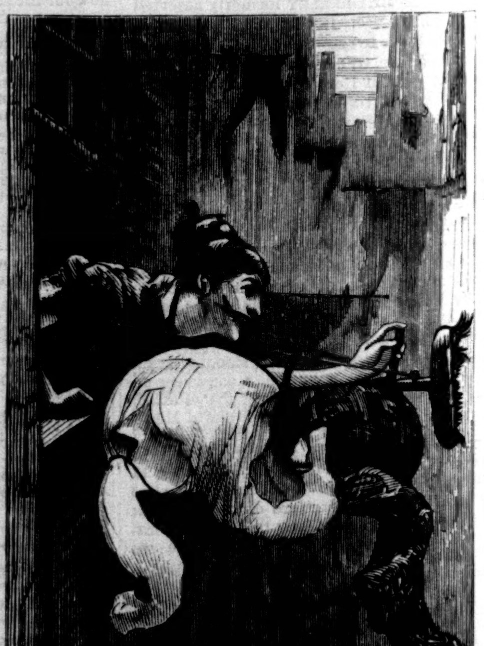
"WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS, MR. JONES, ON THE THERMAL EQUIVALENT OF OXIDE OF CHLORINE?"

ON THE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF THE INSECT TRIBE.

"IT IS A CHEAP WAY OF ACQUIRING A CHARACTER FOR PROFOUND LEARNING, ETC."

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

DARWIN ECLIPSED.



THE WYNDS DISPLAY THEIR USUAL BUNTING.

THE meeting of the British Association brought even more visitors to Edinburgh than the SCOTT Centenary—not all gray-bearded *savants* or solemn professors, but young and pretty damsels, "who had come with papa," and trim young dandies, who had come to look after the damsels. All Edinburgh was alive with sparkling toilets and their charming wearers, while the *séances* were crowded with most unscientific-looking audiences. The discourses, however, were grave and scientific enough to suit the veriest sage extant, and startling were the topics brought forward and discussed, from Sir WILLIAM THOMSON'S meteoric theory to Miss BECKER'S stanch advocacy of woman's rights and privileges. There is a ludicrous aspect to every thing, and the artist has portrayed the comic side of the meeting on this page.

The inscription, "Free Coup," over the mound which our *savants* are so carefully and anxiously inspecting, means "rubbish shot here," and that the mound, perhaps considered by them to be an ancient Gaelic tomb, is nothing more nor less than a—dust heap.

HON. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY & CO., 680 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, Representative in Congress from the Fourth Congressional District of New York, belongs to one of the best known of the old Knickerbocker families. He was born on the 7th of August, 1829, in Cortlandt Street; and in the course of a remarkably busy life has won distinction in law, literature, and journalism, and has thoroughly identified himself with most of the measures of municipal reform which have been successfully carried out in this city. He began the practice of the law in 1850, in partnership with his father, and until the dissolution, a few years since, of the firm of S. W. & R. B. ROOSEVELT devoted himself with tireless industry to the management of a widely extended practice. He nevertheless found time to contribute extensively to the magazine literature of the day, and to publish, in 1862, a book under the title of the "Game Fish of North America," followed in 1865 by "Superior Fishing," and in 1866 by the "Game Birds of the North."

Mr. ROOSEVELT is an enthusiastic sportsman. He early foresaw that the reckless killing of game would in time extirpate game of all kinds from the woods and waters of the State, and organized a number of sportsmen's clubs for the purpose of restraining indiscriminate and untimely slaughter. At his suggestion the New York State Fishery Commission was established in 1867, and he was appointed one of the three Commissioners—his associates being ex-Governor SEYMOUR and Mr. SETH GREEN, the eminent pisciculturist. The reports of the Commission, prepared chiefly by Mr. ROOSEVELT, attracted wide attention, and led to the appointment of similar commissions in other States.

Mr. ROOSEVELT is also known as the author of "Ten Acres too Much," an amusing satire upon amateur farming.

Always a firm Democrat, Mr. ROOSEVELT has also been, as before intimated, a consistent advocate of municipal reform; and the establishment of a paid Fire Department, and a Health Department in place of the old inefficient Sanitary Board, were in no slight degree due to his exertions. When the Citizens' Association established the New York *Citizen* as an organ of reform, Mr. ROOSEVELT was associated in its conduct with the late CHARLES G. HALPINE. Upon the death of General HALPINE he succeeded to the sole charge of the paper, which he has since bought and still conducts.

In 1870 Mr. ROOSEVELT was elected to the Forty-second Congress by a majority of 5201 votes in a total vote of 16,993. Although the pressure of the anti-Tammany Democratic organizations forced Tammany Hall to indorse his nomination, he has never hesitated to denounce the fraudulent measures of that corrupt clique; and in taking part in the great meeting of September 4, where he delivered a scathing rebuke to the corrupt "Ring," Mr. ROOSEVELT was thoroughly true to his political record. A frank, honest, manly gentleman, Mr. ROOSEVELT is by nature an enemy of the city plunderers; and his very pride in the Democratic party has probably made him the more anxious that it should clear its skirts of the foulness inseparable from the clique now ruling Tammany Hall.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

BLIND LOVE.

LUCILLA was at the piano when I entered the sitting-room.

"I wanted you of all things," she said. "I have sent all over the house in search of you. Where have you been?"

I told her.

She sprang to her feet with a cry of delight. "You have persuaded him to trust you—you have discovered every thing. You only said 'I have been at Browndown'—and I heard it in your voice. Out with it! out with it!"

She never moved—she seemed hardly to breathe—while I was telling her all that had passed at the interview between Oscar and me. As soon as I had done she got up in a violent hurry, flushed and eager, and made straight for her bedroom door.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I want my hat and my stick," she answered.

"You are going out?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Can you ask the question? To Browndown, of course!"

I begged her to wait a moment, and hear a word or two that I had to say. It is, I suppose, almost needless to add that my object in speaking to her was to protest against the glaring impropriety of her paying a second visit, in one day, to a man who was a stranger to her. I declared, in the plainest terms, that such a proceeding would be sufficient, in the estimation of any civilized community, to put her reputation in peril. The result of my interference was curious and interesting in the extreme. It showed me that the virtue called Modesty (I am not speaking of Decency, mind) is a virtue of purely artificial growth; and that the successful cultivation of it depends, in the first instance, not on the influence of the tongue, but on the influence of the eye.

Suppose the case of an average young lady (conscious of feeling a first love) to whom I might have spoken in the sense that I have just mentioned—what would she have done?

She would assuredly have shown some natural and pretty confusion, and would, in all human probability, have changed color more or less while she was listening to me. Lucilla's charming face revealed but one expression—an expression of disappointment, slightly mixed, perhaps, with surprise. I believed her to be then, what I knew her to be afterward, as pure a creature as ever walked the earth. And yet of the natural and becoming confusion, of the little inevitable feminine changes of color which I had expected to see, not so much as a vestige appeared—and this, remember, in the case of a person of unusually sensitive and impulsive nature: quick, on the most trifling occasions, to feel and to express its feelings in no ordinary degree.

What did it mean?

It meant that here was one strange side shown to me of the terrible affliction that darkened her life. It meant that modesty is essentially the growth of our own consciousness of the eyes of others judging us, and that blindness is never bashful, for the one simple reason that blindness can not see. The most modest girl in existence is bolder with her lover in the dark than in the light. The female model who "sits" for the first time in a drawing academy, and who shrinks from the ordeal, is persuaded, in the last resort, to enter the students' room by having a bandage bound over her eyes. My poor Lucilla had always the bandage over her eyes. My poor Lucilla was never to meet her lover in the light. She had grown up with the passions of a woman, and yet she had never advanced beyond the fearless and primitive innocence of a child. Ah, if ever there was a sacred charge confided to any mortal creature, here surely was a sacred charge confided to Me! I could not endure to see the poor pretty blind face turned so insensibly toward mine, after such words as I had just said to her. She was standing within my reach. I took her by the arm, and made her sit on my knee. "My dear," I said, very earnestly, "you must *not* go to him again to-day."

"I have got so much to say to him!" she answered, impatiently. "I want to tell him how deeply I feel for him, and how anxious I am to make his life a happier one if I can."

"My dear Lucilla! you can't say this to a young man. It is as good as telling him, in plain words, that you are fond of him!"

"I *am* fond of him."

"Hush! hush! Keep it to yourself until you are sure that *he* is fond of *you*. It is the man's place, my love, not the woman's, to own the truth first in matters of this sort."

"That is very hard on the women. If they feel it first, they ought to own it first." She paused for a moment, considering with herself, and abruptly got off my knee. "I *must* speak to him!" she burst out; "I *must* tell him that I have heard his story, and that I think all the better of him after it, instead of the worse!"

She was again on her way to get her hat. My only chance of stopping her was to invent a compromise.

"Write him a note," I said, and then suddenly remembered that she was blind. "You shall dictate," I added, "and I will hold the pen. Be content with that for to-day. For my sake, Lucilla!"

She yielded, not very willingly, poor thing. But she jealously declined to let me hold the pen.

"My first note to him must be all written by *me*," she said. "I can write, in my own roundabout way. It's long and tiresome; but still I can do it. Come, and see."

She led the way to a writing-table in the corner of the room, and sat for a while, with the pen in her hand, thinking. Her irresistible smile broke suddenly like a glow of light over her face. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I know how to tell him what I think!"

Guiding the pen in her right hand with the fingers of her left hand, she wrote slowly in large childish characters, these words:

"TRACED WITH A FINGER DIPPED IN BLOOD—'HELP.'"

"DEAR MR. OSCAR,—I have heard all about you. Please send me the little gold vase.
"Your friend, LUCILLA."

She inclosed and directed the letter, and clapped her hands for joy. "He will know what *that* means!" she said, gayly.

It was useless to attempt making a second remonstrance. I rang the bell, under protest (imagine her receiving a present from a gentleman to whom she had spoken for the first time that morning!), and Zillah was sent off to Browndown with the letter. In making this concession I privately said to myself, "I shall keep a tight hand over Oscar; he is the most manageable person of the two!"

The interval before the return of the nurse was not an easy interval to fill up. I proposed some music. Lucilla was still too full of her new interest to be able to give her attention to any thing else. She suddenly remembered that her father and her step-mother ought both to be informed that Mr. Dubourg was a perfectly presentable person at the rectory. She decided on writing to her father.

On this occasion she made no difficulty about permitting me to hold the pen while she told me what to write. We produced between us rather a flighty, enthusiastic, high-flown sort of letter. I felt by no means sure that we should raise a favorable impression of our new neighbor in the mind of Reverend Finch. That was, however, not my affair. I appeared to excellent advantage in the matter as the judicious foreign lady who had insisted on making inquiries. For the rest, it was a point of honor with me—writing for a person who was blind—not to change a single word in the sentences which Lucilla dictated to me. The letter completed, I wrote the address of the house in Brighton at which Mr. Finch then happened to be staying; and I was next about to close the envelope in due course—when Lucilla stopped me.

"Wait a little," she said. "Don't close the letter yet."

I wondered why the envelope was to be left open, and why Lucilla looked a little confused when she forbade me to close it. Another unexpected revelation of the influence of their affliction on the natures of the blind was waiting to enlighten me on those two points.

After consultation between us it had been decided, at Lucilla's express request, that I should inform Mrs. Finch that the mystery at Browndown was now cleared up. Lucilla openly owned to having no great relish for the society of her step-mother, or for the duty invariably devolving on any body who was long in the com-

"THERE, CONFRONTING US ON THE THRESHOLD, STOOD LUCILLA'S FATHER AND—OSCAR DUBOURG."

pany of that fertile lady of either finding her handkerchief or holding her baby. A duplicate key of the door of communication between the two sides of the house was given to me, and I left the room.

Before performing my errand I went for a minute into my bed-chamber to put away my hat and my parasol. Returning into the corridor, and passing the door of the sitting-room, I found that it had been left ajar by some one who had entered after I had left, and I heard Lucilla's voice say, "Take that letter out of the envelope, and read it to me."

I pursued my way along the passage—very slowly, I own—and I heard the first sentences of the letter which I had written under Lucilla's dictation read aloud to her in the old nurse's voice. The incurable suspicion of the blind—always abandoned to the same melancholy distrust of the persons about them, always doubting whether some deceit is not being practiced on them by the happy people who can see—had urged Lucilla, even in the trifling matter of the letter, to put me to the test behind my back. She was using Zillah's eyes to make sure that I had really written all that she had dictated to me, exactly as, on many an after occasion, she used my eyes to make sure of Zillah's complete performance of tasks allotted to her in the house. No experience of the faithful devotion of those who live with them ever thoroughly satisfies the blind. Ah, poor things, always in the dark! always in the dark!

In opening the door of communication it appeared as if I had also opened all the doors of all the bed-chambers in the rectory. The moment I stepped into the passage, out popped the children from one room after another, like rabbits out of their burrows.

"Where is your mamma?" I asked.

The rabbits answered by one universal shriek, and popped back again into their burrows.

I went down the stairs to try my luck on the ground-floor. The window on the landing had a view over the front garden. I looked out, and saw the irrepressible Arab of the family, our small, chubby Jicks, wandering in the garden all by herself, evidently on the watch for her next opportunity of escaping from the house. This curious little creature cared nothing for the society of the other children. In-doors, she sat gravely retired in corners, taking her meals (whenever she could) on the floor. Out-of-doors, she roamed till she could walk no longer, and then lay down any where, like a little animal, to sleep. She happened to look up as I stood at the window. Seeing me, she waved her hands indicatively in the direction of the rectory gate. "What is it?" I asked. The Arab answered, "Jicks wants to get out."

At the same moment the screaming of a baby below informed me that I was in the near neighborhood of Mrs. Finch.

I advanced toward the noise, and found myself standing before the open door of a large store-room at the extreme end of the passage. In the middle of the room (issuing household commodities to the cook) sat Mrs. Finch. She was robed this time in a petticoat and a shawl; and she had the baby and the novel laid together flat on their backs in her lap.

"Eight pounds of soap? Where does it all go to, I wonder!" groaned Mrs. Finch, to the accompaniment of the baby's screams. "Five pounds of soda for the laundry? One would think we did the washing for the whole village. Six pounds of candles? You must eat candles as the Russians do. Who ever heard of burning six pounds of candles in a week? Ten pounds of sugar? Who gets it all? I never taste sugar from one year's end to another. Waste, nothing but waste!" Here Mrs. Finch looked my way, and saw me at the door. "Oh, Madame Pratolungo? How d'ye do? Don't go away. I've just done.—A bottle of blacking? My shoes are a disgrace to the house. Five pounds of rice? If I had Indian servants, five pounds of rice would last them for a year. There! take the things away into the kitchen.—Excuse my dress, Madame Pratolungo. How *am* I to dress, with all I have got to do? What do you say? My time must, indeed, be fully occupied? Ah, that's just where it is! When you have lost half an hour in the morning, and can't pick it up again—to say nothing of having the store-room on your mind, and the children's dinner late, and the baby fractious—one slips on a petticoat and a shawl, and gives it up in despair. What *can* I have done with my handkerchief? Would you mind looking among those bottles behind you? Oh, here it is under the baby. Might I trouble you to hold my book for one moment? I think the baby will be quieter if I put him the other way." Here Mrs. Finch turned the baby over on his stomach, and patted him briskly on the back. At this change in his circumstances the unappeasable infant only roared louder than ever. His mother appeared to be perfectly unaffected by the noise. This resigned domestic martyr looked placidly up at me as I stood before her, bewildered, with the novel in my hand. "Ah, that's a very interesting story," she went on. "Plenty of love in it, you know. You have come for it, haven't you? I remember I promised to lend it to you yesterday." Before I could answer, the cook appeared again in search of more household commodities. Mrs. Finch repeated the woman's demands, one by one as she made them, in tones of despair. "Another bottle of vinegar? I believe you water the garden with vinegar! More starch? The Queen's washing, I'm firmly persuaded, doesn't come to as much as ours. Sand-paper? Sand-paper means waste-paper in this profligate house. I shall tell your master. I really *can* NOT make the housekeeping money last at this rate.—Don't go, Madame Pratolungo! I shall have done directly. What? You must go? Oh, then, put the book back on my lap, please, and look behind that sack of flour. The first volume slipped down there this morning, and I haven't had time to pick it up since.—Sand-paper! Do you think I'm made of sand-paper?—Have you found the first volume? Ah, that's it. All over flour! There's a hole in the sack, I suppose.—Twelve sheets of sand-paper used in a week! What for? I defy any of you to tell me what for. Waste! waste! shameful, sinful waste!" At this point in Mrs. Finch's lamentations I made my escape with the book, and left the subject of Oscar Dubourg to be introduced at a fitter opportunity. The last words I heard, through the screams of the baby, as I ascended the stairs, were words still relating to the week's prodigal consumption of sand-paper. Let us drop a tear, if you please, over the woes of Mrs. Finch, and leave the British matron apostrophizing domestic economy in the odorous seclusion of her own store-room.

I had just related to Lucilla the failure of my expedition to the other side of the house, when Zillah returned, bringing with her the gold vase and a letter.

Oscar's answer was judiciously modeled to imitate the brevity of Lucilla's note. "You have made me a happy man again. When may I follow the vase?" There, in two sentences, was the entire letter.

I had another discussion with Lucilla relating to the propriety of our receiving Oscar in Reverend Finch's absence. It was only possible to persuade her to wait until she had at least heard from her father by consenting to take another walk toward Browndown the next morning. This new concession satisfied her. She had received his present; she had exchanged letters with him—that was enough to content her for the time.

"Do you think he is getting fond of me?" she asked, the last thing at night, taking her gold vase to bed with her, poor dear—exactly as she might have taken a new toy to bed with her when she was a child. "Give him time, my love," I answered. "It isn't every body who can travel at your pace in such a serious matter as this." My banter had no effect upon her. "Go away with your candle," she said. "The darkness makes no difference to *me*. I can see him in my thoughts." She nestled her head comfortably on the pillows, and tapped me saucily on the cheek as I bent over her. "Own the advantage I have over you now," she said. "*You* can't see at night without your candle. *I* could go all over the house at this moment without making a false step any where."

When I left her that night, I sincerely believe "poor Miss Finch" was the happiest woman in England.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MR. FINCH SMELLS MONEY.

A DOMESTIC alarm deferred for some hours our proposed walk to Browndown.

The old nurse, Zillah, was taken ill in the night. She was so little relieved by such remedies as we were able to apply that it became necessary to summon the doctor in the morning. He lived at some distance from Dimchurch; and he had to send back to his own house for the medicines required. As a necessary result of these delays, it was close on one o'clock in the afternoon before the medical remedies had their effect, and the nurse was sufficiently recovered to permit of our leaving her in the servants' care.

We had dressed for our walk (Lucilla being ready long before I was), and had got as far as the garden gate on our way to Browndown, when we heard, on the other side of the wall, a man's voice, pitched in superbly deep bass tones, pronouncing these words:

"Believe me, my dear Sir, there is not the least difficulty. I have only to send the check to my bankers at Brighton."

Lucilla started, and caught hold of me by the arm.

"My father!" she exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment. "Who is he talking to?"

The key of the gate was in my possession. "What a grand voice your father has got!" I said, as I took the key out of my pocket. I opened the gate. There, confronting us on the threshold, arm in arm as if they had known each other from childhood, stood Lucilla's father and—Oscar Dubourg!

Reverend Finch opened the proceedings by folding his daughter affectionately in his arms.

"My dear child!" he said, "I received your letter—your most interesting letter—this morning. The moment I read it I felt that I owed a duty to Mr. Dubourg. As pastor of Dimchurch, it was clearly incumbent on me to comfort a brother in affliction. I really felt, so to speak, a longing to hold out the right hand of friendship to this sorely tried man. I borrowed my friend's carriage, and drove straight to Browndown. We have had a long and cordial talk. I have brought Mr. Dubourg home with me. He must be one of us. My dear child, Mr. Dubourg must be one of us. Let me introduce you. My eldest daughter—Mr. Dubourg."

He performed the ceremony of presentation with the most impenetrable gravity, as if he really believed that Oscar and his daughter now met each other for the first time!

Never had I set my eyes on a meaner-looking man than this rector. In height he barely reached up to my shoulder. In substance he was so miserably lean that he looked the living picture of starvation. He would have made his fortune in the streets of London if he had only gone out and shown himself to the public in ragged clothes. His face was deeply pitted with the small-pox. His short grizzly hair stood up stiff and straight on his head like hair fixed in a broom. His small whitish-gray eyes had a restless, inquisitive, hungry look in them indescribably irritating and uncomfortable to see. The one personal distinction he possessed consisted in his magnificent bass voice—a voice which had no sort of right to exist in the person who used it. Until one became accustomed to the contrast there was something perfectly unbearable in hearing those superb big tones come out of that contemptible little body. The famous Latin phrase conveys, after all, the best description I can give of Reverend Finch. He was in very truth—Voice, and nothing else.

"Madame Pratolungo, no doubt?" he went on, turning to me. "Delighted to make the acquaintance of my daughter's judicious companion and friend. You must be one of us—like Mr. Dubourg. Let me introduce you. Madame Pratolungo—Mr. Dubourg.—This is the old side of the rectory, my dear Sir. We had it put in repair—let me see: how long since?—we had it put in repair just after Mrs. Finch's last confinement but one." (I soon discovered that Mr. Finch reckoned time by his wife's confinements.) "You will find it very curious and interesting inside. Lucilla, my child!—(It has pleased Providence, Mr. Dubourg, to afflict my daughter with blindness. Inscrutable Providence!)—Lucilla, this is your side of the house. Take Mr. Dubourg's arm, and lead the way. Do the honors, my child.—Madame Pratolungo, let me offer you my arm. I regret that I was not present when you arrived, to welcome you at the rectory. Consider yourself—do pray consider yourself—one of us." He stopped, and lowered his prodigious voice to a confidential growl. "Delightful person, Mr. Dubourg. I can't tell you how pleased I am with him. And what a sad story! Cultivate Mr. Dubourg, my dear madam. As a favor to Me—cultivate Mr. Dubourg!"

He said this with an appearance of the deepest anxiety—and more, he emphasized it by affectionately squeezing my hand.

I have met with a great many audacious people in my time. But the audacity of Reverend Finch—persisting to our faces in the assumption that he had been the first to discover our neighbor, and that Lucilla and I were perfectly incapable of understanding and appreciating Oscar unassisted by *him*—was entirely without a parallel in my experience. I asked myself what his conduct in this matter—so entirely unexpected by Lucilla, as well as by me—could possibly mean. My knowledge of his character, obtained through his daughter, and my memory of what we had heard him say on the other side of the wall, suggested that his conduct might mean—Money.

We assembled in the sitting-room.

The only person among us who was quite at his ease was Mr. Finch. He never let his daughter and his guest alone for a single moment. "My child, show Mr. Dubourg this; show Mr. Dubourg that.—Mr. Dubourg, my daughter possesses this; my daughter possesses that." So he went on all round the room. Oscar appeared to feel a little daunted by the overwhelming attentions of his new friend. Lucilla was, as I could see, secretly irritated at finding herself authorized by her father to pay those attentions to Oscar which she would have preferred offering to him of her own accord. As for me, I was already beginning to weary of the patronizing politeness of the little priest with the big voice. It was a relief to us all when a message on domestic affairs arrived in the midst of the proceedings from Mrs. Finch, requesting to see her husband immediately on the rectory side of the house.

Forced to leave us, Reverend Finch made his farewell speech. Taking Oscar's hand into a kind of paternal custody in both his own hands, he spoke with such sonorous cordiality that the china and glass ornaments on Lucilla's chiffonnier actually jingled an accompaniment to his booming bass notes.

"Come to tea, my dear Sir. Without ceremony. To-night at six. We must keep up your spirits, Mr. Dubourg. Cheerful society and a little music.—Lucilla, my dear child, you will play for Mr. Dubourg, won't you? Madame Pratolungo will do the same—at My request—I am sure. We shall make even dull Dimchurch agreeable to our new neighbor before we have done. What does the poet say? 'Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere; 'tis nowhere to be found, or every where.' How cheering! how true! Good-day; good-day."

The glasses left off jingling. Mr. Finch's wizen little legs took him out of the room.

The moment his back was turned we both assailed Oscar with the same question. What had passed at the interview between himself and the rector?

Men are all alike incompetent to satisfy women when the question between the sexes is a question of small details. A woman in Oscar's position would have been able to relate to us not only the whole conversation with the rector, but every little trifling incident which had noticeably illustrated it. As things were, we could only extract from our unsatisfactory man the barest outline of the interview. The coloring and the filling in we were left to do for ourselves.

Oscar had, on his own confession, acknowledged his visitor's kindness by opening his whole heart to the sympathizing rector, and placing that wary priest and excellent man of business in possession of the completest knowledge of all his affairs. In return, Reverend Finch had spoken in the frankest manner on his side. He had drawn a sad picture of the poverty-stricken condition of Dimchurch, viewed as an ecclesiastical endowment; and he had spoken in such feeling terms of the neglected condition of the ancient and interesting church that poor simple Oscar, smitten with pity, had produced his check-book, and had subscribed on the spot toward the fund for repairing the ancient round tower. They had been still occupied with the subject of the tower and the subscription when we had opened the garden gate and had let them in. Hearing this, I now understood the motives under which our reverend friend was acting as well as if they had been my own. It was plain to my mind that the rector had taken his financial measure of Oscar, and had privately satisfied himself that if he encouraged the two young people in cultivating each other's society, money (to use his own phrase) might come of it. He had, as I believed, put forward "the round tower," in the first instance, as a feeler; and he would follow it up in due time by an appeal of a more personal nature to Oscar's well-filled purse. Brief, he was, in my opinion, quite sharp enough (after having studied his young friend's character) to foresee an addition to his income rather than a subtraction from it, if the relations between Oscar and his daughter ended in a marriage.

Whether Lucilla arrived, on her side, at the same conclusion as mine is what I can not venture positively to declare. I can only relate that she looked ill at ease as the facts came out, and that she took the first opportunity of extinguishing her father, viewed as a topic of conversation.

As for Oscar, it was enough for him that he had already secured his place as friend of the house. He took leave of us in the highest spirits. I had my eye on them when he and Lucilla said good-by. She squeezed his hand. I saw her do it. At the rate at which things were now going on I began to ask myself whether Reverend Finch would not appear at tea-time in his robes of office, and celebrate the marriage of his "sorely tried" young friend between the first cup and the second.

At our little social assembly in the evening nothing passed worthy of much remark.

Lucilla and I (I can not resist recording this) were both beautifully dressed in honor of the occasion, Mrs. Finch serving us to perfection by way of contrast. She had made an immense effort—she was half dressed. Her evening costume was an ancient green silk skirt (with traces of past babies visible on it to an experienced eye), topped by the everlasting blue merino jacket. "I lose every thing belonging to me," Mrs. Finch whispered in my ear. "I have got a body to this dress, and it can't be found any where." The rector's prodigious voice was never silent: the pompous and plausible little man talked, talked, talked in deeper and deeper bass, until the very tea-cups on the table shuddered under the influence of him. The elder children, admitted to the family festival, ate till they could eat no more, stared till they could stare no more, yawned till they could yawn no more—and then went to bed. Oscar got on well with every body. Mrs. Finch was naturally interested in him as one of twins, though she was also surprised and disappointed at hearing that his mother had begun and ended with his brother and himself. As for Lucilla she sat in silent happiness, absorbed in the inexhaustible delight of hearing Oscar's voice. She found as many varieties of expression in listening to her beloved tones as the rest of us find in looking at our beloved face. We had music later in the evening, and I then heard for the first time how charmingly Lucilla played. She was a born musician, with a delicacy and subtlety of touch such as few even of the greatest *virtuosi* possess. Oscar was enchanted. In a word, the evening was a complete success.

I contrived when our guest took his departure to say my contemplated word to him in private on the subject of his solitary position at Browndown.

Those doubts of Oscar's security in his lonely house, which I have described as having been suggested to me by the discovery of the two ruffians lurking under the wall, still maintained their place in my mind, and still urged me to warn him to take precautions of some sort before the precious metals which he had sent to London to be melted came back to him again. He gave me the opportunity I wanted by looking at his watch and apologizing for protracting his visit to a terribly late hour for the country—the hour of midnight.

"Is your servant sitting up for you?" I asked, assuming to be ignorant of his domestic arrangements.

He pulled out of his pocket a great clumsy key.

"This is my only servant at Browndown," he said. "By four or five in the afternoon the people at the inn have done all for me that I want. After that time there is nobody in the house but myself."

He shook hands with us. The rector escorted him as far as the front-door. I slipped out while they were saying their last words, and joined Oscar when he advanced alone into the garden.

"I want a breath of fresh air," I said. "I'll go with you as far as the gate."

He began to talk of Lucilla directly. I surprised him by returning abruptly to the subject of his position at Browndown.

"Do you think it's wise?" I asked, "to be all by yourself at night in such a lonely house as yours? Why don't you have a man-servant?"

"I detest strange servants," he answered. "I infinitely prefer being by myself."

"When do you expect your gold and silver plates to be returned to you?"

"In about a week."

"What would be the value of them in money, at a rough guess?"

"At a rough guess, about seventy or eighty pounds."

"In a week's time, then," I said, "you will have seventy or eighty pounds' worth of property at Browndown—property which a thief need only put into the melting-pot to have no fear of its being traced into his hands."

Oscar stopped and looked at me.

"What *can* you be thinking of?" he asked. "There are no thieves in this primitive place."

"There are thieves in other places," I an-

swered, "and they may come here. Have you forgotten those two men whom we caught hanging about Browndown yesterday?"

He smiled. I had recalled to him a humorous association—nothing more.

"It was not we who caught them," he said. "It was that strange child. What do you say to my having Jicks to sleep in the house and take care of me?"

"I am not joking," I rejoined. "I never met with two more ill-looking villains in my life. The window was open when you were telling me about the necessity for melting the plates again. They may know as well as we do that your gold and silver will be returned to you after a time."

"What an imagination you have got!" he exclaimed. "You see a couple of shabby excursionists from Brighton who have wandered to Dimchurch, and you instantly transform them into a pair of house-breakers in a conspiracy to rob and murder me. You and my brother Nugent would just suit each other. His imagination runs away with him exactly like yours."

"Take my advice," I answered, gravely. "Don't persist in sleeping at Browndown without a living creature in the house with you."

He was in wild good spirits. He kissed my hand, and thanked me in his voluble, exaggerated way for the interest that I took in him. "All right!" he said, as he opened the gate. "I'll have a living creature in the house with me. I'll get a dog."

We parted. I had told him what was on my mind. I could do no more. After all, it might be quite possible that his view was the right one, and mine the wrong.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF JICKS.

Five more days passed.

During that interval we saw our neighbor constantly. Either Oscar came to the rectory or we went to Browndown. Reverend Finch waited, with a masterly assumption of suspecting nothing, until the relations between the two young people were ripe enough to develop into relations of acknowledged love. They were already (under Lucilla's influence) advancing rapidly to that point. You are not to blame my poor blind girl, if you please, for frankly encouraging the man she loved. He was the most backward man—viewed as a suitor—whom I ever met with. The fonder he grew of her the more timid and self-distrustful he became. I own I don't like a modest man; and I can not honestly say that Mr. Oscar Dubourg, on closer acquaintance, advanced himself much in my estimation. However, Lucilla understood him, and that was enough. She was determined to have the completest possible image of him in her mind. Every body in the house who had seen him (the children included) she examined and cross-examined on the subject of his personal appearance, as she had already examined and cross-examined me. His features and his color, his height and his breadth, his ornaments and his clothes—on all these points she collected evidence in every direction and in the smallest detail. It was an especial relief and delight to her to hear on all sides that his complexion was fair. There was no reasoning with her against her blind horror of dark shades of color, whether seen in men, women, or things. She was quite unable to account for it; she could only declare it.

"I have the strangest instincts of my own about some things," she said to me one day. "For instance, I knew that Oscar was bright and fair—I mean I felt it in myself—on that delightful evening when I first heard the sound of his voice. It went straight from my ear to my heart, and it described him just as the rest of you have described him to me since. Mrs. Finch tells me his complexion is lighter than mine. Do you think so too? I am so glad to hear that he is fairer than I am! Did you ever meet before with a person like me? I have the oddest ideas in this blind head of mine. I associate life and beauty with light colors, and death and crime with dark colors. If I married a man with a dark complexion, and if I recovered my sight afterward, I should run away from him."

This singular prejudice of hers against dark people was a little annoying to me on personal grounds. It was a sort of reflection on my own taste. Between ourselves, the late Doctor Pratolungo was of a fine mahogany brown all over.

As for affairs in general at Dimchurch, my chronicle of the five days finds little to dwell on that is worth recording.

We were not startled by any second appearance of the two ruffians at Browndown; neither was any change made by Oscar in his domestic establishment. He was favored with more than one visit from our little wandering Jicks. On each occasion the child gravely reminded him of his rash promise to appeal to the police, and visit with corporal punishment the two ugly strangers who had laughed at her. When were the men to be beaten? and when was Jicks to see it? Such were the serious questions with which this young lady regularly opened the proceedings on each occasion when she favored Oscar with a morning call.

On the sixth day the gold and silver plates were returned to Browndown from the manufactory in London.

The next morning a note arrived for me from Oscar. It ran thus:

"Dear Madame Pratolungo,—I regret to inform you that nothing happened to me last night. My locks and bolts are in their usual good order, my gold and silver plates are safe in the workshop, and I myself am now eating my breakfast with an uncut throat.

"Yours ever, Oscar."

After this there was no more to be said. Jicks might persist in remembering the two ill-looking strangers. Older and wiser people dismissed them from all further consideration.

Saturday came—making the tenth day since the memorable morning when I had forced Oscar to disclose himself to me in the little side room at Browndown.

In the forenoon we had a visit from him at the rectory. In the afternoon we went to Browndown to see him begin a new piece of chasing in gold—a casket for holding gloves—destined to take its place on Lucilla's toilet-table when it was done. We left him industriously at work, determined to go on as long as the daylight lasted.

Early in the evening Lucilla sat down at her piano-forte, and I paid a visit by appointment to the rectory side of the house.

Unhappy Mrs. Finch had determined to institute a complete reform of her wardrobe. She had entreated me to give her the benefit of "my French taste" in the capacity of confidential critic and adviser. "I can't afford to buy any new things," said the poor lady. "But a deal might be done in altering what I have got by me if a clever person took the matter up." Who could resist that piteous appeal? I resigned myself to the baby, the novel, and the children in general; and (Reverend Finch being out of the way, writing his sermon) I presented myself in Mrs. Finch's parlor, full of ideas, with my scissors and my pattern-paper ready in my hand.

We had only begun our operations when one of the elder children arrived with a message from the nursery.

It was tea-time; and, as usual, Jicks was missing. She was searched for, first, in the lower regions of the house; secondly, in the garden. Not a trace of her was to be discovered in either quarter. Nobody was surprised or alarmed. We said, "Oh dear! she has gone to Browndown again!" and immersed ourselves once more in the shabby recesses of Mrs. Finch's wardrobe.

I had just decided that the blue merino jacket was an article of wearing apparel which had done its duty, and earned its right to final retirement from the scene, when a plaintive cry reached my ear through the open door which led into the back garden.

I stopped and looked at Mrs. Finch.

The cry was repeated, louder and nearer—recognizable this time as a cry in a child's voice. The door of the room had been left ajar when we sent the messenger back to the nursery. I threw it open, and found myself face to face with Jicks in the passage.

I felt every nerve in my body shudder at the sight of the child.

The poor little thing was white and wild with terror. She was incapable of uttering a word. When I knelt down to fondle and soothe her she caught convulsively at my hand, and attempted to raise me. I got on my feet again. She repeated her dumb cry more loudly, and tried to drag me out of the house. She was so weak that she staggered under the effort. I took her up in my arms. One of my hands, as I embraced her, touched the top of her frock, just below the back of her neck. I felt something on my fingers. I looked at them. Gracious God! I was stained with blood!

I turned the child round. My own blood froze. Her mother, standing behind me, screamed with horror.

The dear little thing's white frock was spotted and splashed with wet blood. Not her own blood. There was not a scratch on her. I looked closer at the horrid marks. They had been drawn purposely on her—drawn, as it seemed, with a finger. I took her out into the light. It was writing! A word had been feebly traced on the back of her frock. I made out something like the letter "H." Then a letter which it was impossible to read. Then another next to it, which might have been "L," or might have been "J." Then a last letter, which I guessed to be "P."

Was the word—"Help?"

Yes!—traced on the back of the child's frock, with a finger dipped in blood—"HELP."

MINING OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT.

We give on page 888 an illustration representing the mining operations at Hallet's Point (Hell Gate), now being conducted by the government, under the superintendence of General John Newton, and having for their object the opening of a navigable channel between East River and Long Island Sound. The operations undertaken involve the solution of an important problem of engineering as regards the most economical and effective process of submarine blasting.

Our engraving represents the shaft sunk into the rock that is to be removed, the tunnels leading therefrom, and the coffer-dam surrounding the rock. This dam was commenced in August, 1869, and was finished in the October following. It is an irregular polygon in shape, having a circumference of 443 feet, and a mean interior diameter of about 100 feet. It is built between high and low water marks.

The excavation of the shaft immediately followed the construction of the dam, and during the spring of 1870 the shaft had been sunk to the depth of twenty-two feet below low-water. The work was then suspended until another appropriation should be made by Congress.

The process of blasting was described by a writer in *Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine* for March, 1869, as follows:

"The apparatus designed for drilling the sunken rocks for the introduction of the charge consists of a water-tight iron casing, in form a depressed semi-spheroid, seven feet in diameter. It has three solid steel feet, by which its stability on the rock is secured. Rising from the upper part of the casing is a conical wrought iron frame, supporting the upper end of the drill shaft by means of two parallel rods entering into sockets in a cast ring at the top of the frame. The drill bar passing up through the centre of the top is furnished at the bottom with a bit one and a half inches diameter, having imbedded in its face nineteen diamonds, and rotating at the rate of from 300 to 500 revolutions per minute, advancing at the rate of from one to one and a half inches in the same time. The feed is caused by a differential gearing, which steadily operates to advance the drill into the rock, the débris being washed away by the water forced into contact with the bit through a small rubber hose. The water-tight chamber of the machine contains a pair of engines working at right angles to each other, with a horizontal stroke. As soon as the hole is completely drilled, and also when the drill shaft is withdrawn from the rock, information of this is given by a magnetic bell, which is acted upon by a double wire cord, insulated from the water, and passing down one of the parallel rods or tubes upon which the cross-head is fixed. This drill weighs nearly five tons. It is worked from a wrecking tug, with a derrick, by means of steam supplied from the boiler of the tug. To prevent this steam being condensed in its passage through the water to the engine, it is conveyed in a hose surrounded by another, through which the exhausted steam passes. The rock at Hell Gate is that known as the bastard granite, and is much softer than either the Quincy or Maine granite, on which the drill has been satisfactorily tested. After a number of holes are drilled over a certain space, a diver descends and charges them with cartridges of nitro-glycerine, which is exploded in the usual manner. The fragments are raised by automatic grapnels."

The theory of the mining operations conducted by General Newton contemplates the removal of as much rock as can be excavated with safety previous to the final explosion, the result of which will be the sinking of the remaining mass into the deep pit excavated for its reception. This mass remaining for the final explosion will be supported by piers, each of which will be charged with powder. These piers are a part of the solid rock left standing. For, from the bottom of the main shaft, tunnels proceed in all directions—ten in number—each extending from 175 to 300 feet outward, and all connected together by cross galleries at intervals of twenty-five feet. These tunnels were commenced toward the close of July, 1870, the shaft being at the same time sunk to a line of nearly thirty-four feet below low-water. The tunnels are of various cross section—some over twenty feet in height, and varying in width from ten to fifteen feet.

The above description conveys a general idea of one of the most important works connected with the maritime prosperity of New York city.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

When ocean cables were first submerged, various apprehensions of probable injury were entertained, some of which have proved to be well founded, and others less so. It was supposed that worms or mollusks would burrow in the substance of the envelope, and ultimately penetrate to the centre of the wires; or, again, that the attachment of barnacles, mollusks, or other marine animals on the exterior would invite the attacks of the sharks, rays, and other fish of powerful jaws, and induce them to subject the bunch of matter to such a mastication as should produce serious harm to the cable. To what extent any accidents have happened from this source it is perhaps difficult to say; but we now learn that the Florida cable between Punta Rosa and Key West has been injured in numerous places, as supposed by sea-turtles biting through or crushing it in their teeth, to such an extent as to destroy its continuity. It is, perhaps, a question whether the turtle be chargeable with these operations; and we think it is quite as probable that, under the circumstances, some ray or other fish has attacked it, and for the reasons already suggested.

In view of the great waste of labor and the concomitant expense in the present mode of conducting the herring and other great fisheries of England, by means of row or sail boats, the experiment has lately been tried, with a very satisfactory result, of tending the nets by means of small steamboats; and it is likely that before long all the establishments of this kind, of any magnitude, will be provided with auxiliary steam-power. These boats are generally about thirty-seven feet long and nine broad, being well timbered and strong, and capable of standing a heavy sea. They carry five days' provisions, and will steam at the rate of nine miles an hour. The cost of working, including the salary of the men and boys, fuel, depreciation of value, etc., is given at about three dollars per day. One single firm has supplied about 120 of these boats within the last three years. They are, however, not considered serviceable in trawling, as the varying success does not admit of a sufficiently large profit for the payment of the excess of expenditure in the way of engines and fuel.

According to Dr. Uhler, of Baltimore, the European cabbage-butterfly (*Pontia brassicæ*), the pest of the agriculturist, has reached Baltimore in its invasion of the United States. It has been known for some years more to the eastward, and has been slowly but surely creeping along, until it bids fair to involve the whole country in its ravages.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna has offered a prize of twenty Austrian ducats, or a gold medal of the same value, for the discovery of not less than eight new telescopic comets prior to the 1st of June, 1872. This is in view of the fact that, whatever the progress made in astronomy generally, but little has been added to our knowledge of the comets; and at the present day we can only catalogue two or three hundred out of the many thousands that doubtless belong to our system. As observatories have their regular work, which will not permit them to search for these bodies, it is expected that professors and private parties, in possession of good telescopic instruments, will enter the field in competition for the prize.

We have already briefly adverted to the death of Edouard Claparède, and we now borrow a few facts in regard to him from a late number of *Nature*. Notwithstanding the immense amount of valuable work accomplished by this author, we learn that for three years his health has been such as to cause his friends to anticipate a fatal termination at any moment, suffering as he did under a complication of pulmonary and heart disease. He was only thirty-nine when he died, but the magnitude of what he had accomplished was an earnest of what might have been expected had he lived to the average period of life of students of science. A native of Switzerland, he wrote French and German with equal facility, and memoirs are to be found by him in both languages. His earliest publication of any magnitude was one upon the infusoria, and although superseded by later treatises, it may be considered as furnishing the foundation of modern views on the subject. It is, perhaps, in the department of marine worms that he is best known; his papers upon those of the Hebrides and the shores of the Mediterranean being of great extent, and remarkable for the accuracy of their illustrations, and the minuteness of detail of their history. His latest paper was upon the anatomy and reproduction of some marine polyzoa, and it is said he left behind him a large work on the embryology of insects. The most striking of the actual discoveries made by Claparède, according to his biographer in *Nature*, was in reference to the annelids—namely, that a species of *Nereis* lays eggs sexually fertilized, which on hatching produce a worm which has been placed in quite a distinct genus (*Heteronereis*), and this worm lays similar true eggs, which sometimes produce a second kind of *Heteronereis*. The difference between *Heteronereis* and *Nereis* is very great, even in such details as the form of the setæ of the feet. At present this appears to be the only *real* case of alternation of generations on record, if by "generations" we understand "sexual generations."

As is well known to many of our readers, the Smithsonian Institution, for a number of years past, has conducted a very extended system of international exchanges, by means of which all the scientific establishments in America have been kept in communication with sister institutions abroad, with no trouble and no expense to themselves beyond that attendant upon the delivery at Washington of the packages to be forwarded. At the present time it is understood that by far the greatest percentage of material interchanged between the two worlds passes through the hands of the Smithsonian, the packages being sent to different agents abroad and distributed by them, who, in turn, receive and transmit to Washington the returns from foreign countries.

Quite recently the learned societies and public libraries of Holland have undertaken to co-operate with the Institution in this enterprise, by forming a Central Scientific Bureau of the Netherlands, at which the packages intended for transmission to America are to be collected, and forwarded from time to time to the Smithsonian Institution, which will distribute them to the parties addressed. The Bureau also proposes to establish special agencies in different parts of Europe, and has already announced the firm of J. B. Baillière & Son, of Paris, as the agents for France, to whom all French institutions are requested to address such copies of their works as may be intended for the Netherlands.

The Emperor of Brazil, who is so eminent among crowned heads for his interest in science, and his own scientific accomplishments, is enjoying his visit to England very greatly, devoting much of his time to the examination of learned establishments, among which the astronomical appear to be favorites. The aid extended by him to travelers in his own country is well known; and to the facilities supplied by his direction to Professor Agassiz is due much of the great success which that gentleman met with during his Brazilian labors.

The report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut, recently presented to the General Assembly, is a document of much importance in the history of pisciculture, and embodies the results of the investigations and experiences for the past year. The history of what has been done in regard to the raising of black bass, shad, and salmon contains many important announcements—especially in reference to the increase of shad since the first experiments of artificial planting in the Connecticut River. In 1867 about 40,000,000 shad were hatched under the direction of Mr. Seth Green, and placed in the river a short distance below Holyoke dam, and their return as mature fish was awaited with great anxiety. About 60,000,000 were introduced into the same river in 1868; but nothing was done in 1869, in order to see whether the first experiments were successful. In 1870, corresponding to three years' growth of the young shad of 1867, these fish appeared in numbers greater than had been known for twenty years—vessels sailing through Long Island Sound observing immense shoals of them swimming through the water, all making toward Connecticut River. In one day over 28,000 shad of good size were taken about Saybrook, and corresponding numbers elsewhere. Although it is not absolutely certain that these shad were the same with those introduced in 1867, yet there is every reason to entertain such a belief—this being corroborated by the fact that up to the date of the report (May 18) the fisheries of 1871 were even better than in 1870, many thousands being taken at a single haul, and the markets being glutted to such an extent that the finest shad could be bought at from ten to twenty-five cents per pair.

Experiments are also detailed in regard to the introduction of the so-called land-locked salmon of the St. Croix River, as well as of the true salmon; and although fisheries of these species have not yet been established, this result is confidently expected in the course of a year or two. The report concludes by a lengthened statement of the present condition of the fish-pound question in the State, and commendation is expressed of the existing act of the Assembly by which all fishing by means of fixed nets is to cease after the end of 1871. A compromise, by which the pounds were to be kept closed from Saturday night to Monday morning, was found to be entirely inoperative, the fishermen refusing to accede to the requirements of the law, leaving no alternative, in the opinion of the Commissioners, but the prohibition above mentioned.

Mr. William Ferrel, of the United States Coast Survey, an eminent mathematician, has lately communicated to *Nature* a valuable paper upon the cause of low barometer in the polar regions and the central part of cyclones.

SUBMARINE MINING OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT (HELL GATE).—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., 845 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 887.]

A GROUP OF VULTURES WAITING FOR THE STORM TO "BLOW OVER."—"LET US *PREY*."

REMEMBERED LOVE.

"GOD help us now! for we must part:
I will not wish we had not met.
Farewell! there is no other way—
I do not ask thee to forget."

God help us! how the tender voice
Broke o'er the words with accents hollow!
He looked up with a last appeal,
But she had turned—he dare not follow.

All had been true that she had said—
His own wild words had wrought this woe;
He might have staid to be her friend,
But as her lover he must go.

Long motionless and passion-pale,
Where she had left him there he stood;
His eyes were on the far-off sea,
That came in murmuring, flood on flood.

He asked no pity from the stars—
They shine serene on misery;
But the sea's bosom heaved like his
With old deep-seated agony.

"O bursting heart," he cried, "be strong!
O throbbing pulse, be calm again!
Lest it be said a woman won
A victory, where a man was slain.

"Yet have the wrecks of passion left
One bridge where I can cross to fame;
I'll do her memory so much good
At least she shall esteem my name,

"And say, 'My tempter had a soul
Far nobler than I argued then;
The few great hearts are purged by pain,
That blasts the hopes of common men.'"

He said, and joined the world again.
I hear men call him great and wise;
But an old song or simple air
Will bring the tears into his eyes,

With memories of a silent street,
A shadowed form half draped from sight,
A toying hand, a wistful face,
Lids trembling in the evening light.

He hears again the broken words,
The voice that spoke so mournfully;
He asks the traveled sea of her—
The waves, for answer, break and die.

TWO SIDES OF THE SAME STORY.

HIS SIDE.

A TELEGRAM, announcing the serious illness of my only sister, had shortened my hardly earned holiday. Though I started from the North immediately by the night mail, London would not be reached before the next morning. With the prospect of a long and cold journey, I provided plenty of rugs and furs, and, rolling myself up warmly in them, hoped to be able to allay my anxiety in sleep.

It was a bitter night in the beginning of December. Snow had been falling slightly during the day, and the country through which we hurried looked bleak and dismal. Spite of the weather, there appeared to be a good many passengers, and I was just congratulating myself in having secured an empty carriage, when, at a small country station, to my great disgust, the door was opened and a lady got in. Before I could remonstrate the door was shut, and the train again on the move.

"Confound that guard!" I mentally ejaculated; "what a lot of cold the fellow has let in!" and I proceeded to wrap my tiger-skin more tightly round me. In doing so, however, I found the unwelcome intruder had her feet on one end of it. The girl—for so I judged her to be from the slightness of her figure—moved instantly, and I caught a glimpse of her face. It was enough! The utter wretchedness, pallor, and woe-begone look arrested my hand; and noticing that she had only a small bag with her, instead of taking care of myself, I begged her to accept the loan of my rug, remarking at the same time that it was "a frightfully cold night for traveling." The girl looked up, and, smiling her thanks, accepted my offer, but sank again in a dejected attitude into her corner of the carriage.

Somehow I could not settle to sleep. In vain I shut my eyes; some strange attraction caused me to open them and look toward my companion. She was now leaning forward, gazing into the darkness with an anxious, questioning look upon her face—a look as though she were striving to see into futurity—painful to behold in one so young.

Seen in the dim light given by the lamp, I judged her to be about twenty years of age—a refined, fragile-looking girl, far too delicate to be abroad alone such a night. From her face my glance descended to her dress, which was handsome and in very good taste. She had taken off her gloves, and her small, well-formed hands were clasped tightly together on her lap. That she was laboring under some deep distress or anxiety of mind there could be no doubt.

Was it not strange for so young and pretty a girl to be traveling alone at such an hour? I had looked at my watch when she got into the carriage, and it marked midnight. No one had accompanied her to the door, not even a servant! Who was she? Where could she be going? Would she be met? Losing myself in these conjectures, I fell asleep.

The first cold, gray rays of dawn were struggling into the carriage when I awoke, making the chilly air still more chill. I glanced at my companion: she looked positively death-like, but as wide awake as ever. As we were close to London, I began to prepare my things for leaving the train. The girl returned my tiger-skin, and thanked me for it in a low voice. I made a few observations on the wretchedness of being obliged to travel all night, to which she barely responded. As I wanted to find out something about her, I went on talking; I told her I was hurrying home to my sister's sick-bed, but concluded with

"It will be too early, however, to knock them up when we reach town; so I shall go first and get some breakfast at a coffee-house where I am known, which is sure to be open."

"Is it a place a lady can go to?" to my surprise, asked my companion; "because, if so, I shall be very glad of some coffee before I continue my journey."

"If you will permit me, I shall be very happy to take you there," I answered, "and also see after your luggage, as you are not going to be met."

"Thank you," she replied, while a vivid blush crossed her pale face; "but I have only this bag with me."

On reaching London I transferred my traps into a cab, and we started together in search of breakfast. Very soon we were comfortably located beside a blazing fire, with steaming hot coffee and eatables before us. My companion ate but little, and spoke still less.

"How pretty she is!" I thought, "and how entirely the lady! Still there is something so strange about the whole affair, that I will make a mental note of every thing about her: hazel eyes and hair; arched eyebrows, well defined; large nose; pretty mouth; beautiful teeth; oval face." But I felt all the time that, without thus minutely examining each feature, her face was indelibly impressed on my mind; *I* was not likely soon to forget either the face or the girl.

Being very anxious for news of my sister, directly our meal was finished I paid my bill—the girl would not hear of my paying her share—and ordered the waiter to call a hansom.

"Please, a cab for me at the same time," said she.

"Now," I thought, "she will be obliged to give an address, and I shall know where she is going."

Placing her in the cab and shutting the door, I said, "Where shall I tell the driver to take you?"

A suddenly frightened look, a blush and catching of the breath, a moment's hesitation, and then "Temple Bar" was the order given. I marveled, but gave the direction, took off my hat, and the cab drove off. "Very mysterious!" I thought. However, there was no time for indulging in vain speculation; home I must hasten. My sister I found very ill, though all danger was over; but what with the necessary attention to her, and a great press of business of my own, I ceased to think farther of my strange traveling companion.

Four days after, however, my eye was suddenly arrested by the following advertisement in the "sensation" column of the *Times*:

LEFT her home, on the evening of the 1st of December, a young lady. Middle height and delicate-looking; brown hair and eyes; marked eyebrows; oval face. Dressed, when last seen, in a maroon rep dress, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Is supposed to have with her a hand-bag, with initials in gold on it of "B. B." Any person giving information as to her whereabouts, or any information whatever, shall be handsomely rewarded. Apply, L. B., Post-office, Stonham.

I rubbed my eyes. Did I see clearly? Was I dreaming? No; there was the exact description of my traveling companion: date and description coincided. Then there was some mystery connected with the girl, after all. I thought so.

Five minutes' reflection and I was writing to "L. B.," giving a full account of my journey to town. The letter dispatched, I waited with what patience I could for the next move in the play.

Just as I had finished dinner the next evening, and was feeling somewhat lonely, not having my sister to talk to, as had ever been the case since we were left orphans together years ago, the servant entered, saying a gentleman was in the library who desired to see me, if possible, instantly, on very important business. The card sent in bore the name of "Colonel Byng."

"Now for the solution of the mystery!" I thought, as, quickly following the servant, I found myself in the presence of a tall, military-looking man, who came forward to meet me in great agitation, and, as I offered my hand, broke out with, "Tell me where to find my daughter, for God's sake!"

Quickly I related the circumstances of our journey; and as I ended the story the poor father dropped his head on his breast, murmuring: "All my fault, *my* fault. I was too harsh with the poor child; I know it now, too late. And yet I believed I was acting for the best. Sir"—turning to me—"I thank you heartily for easing my mind so far. You say you are a lawyer. I pray you unite your efforts with mine; help me to find my child."

We sat late into the night arranging plans for the following day. I prevailed upon Colonel Byng to take up his quarters at my house, that he might be on the spot to compare notes; besides, the poor man was in such a distracted state, it was not fit for him to be in a hotel alone.

Though every available means of the detective force, advertisements, etc., were used, our search proved fruitless. The unhappy father at last, worn out with anxiety, trouble, and self-upbraidings, had to return to his home, his affairs there urgently requiring his presence. His parting words to me were, "Leave no stone unturned; spare no expense; find Beatrice. I feel my actions have murdered my child."

Left to myself, I redoubled my efforts, but was baffled at every turn. I tremblingly asked myself, Could it be true? was she no more? That face, so sweet, so pure—that face which I now felt was my fate—was I never to see again? The thought was maddening. "Leave no stone unturned!" no, there could never again be rest for me until I had found her.

HER SIDE.

Things came to a climax for me that evening. How vividly I remember each particular!

The long, low drawing-room, dimly lit by the lamp placed on a small table by the fire, near which sat my step-mother, toying with some bright-colored wools, and talking merrily to the disagreeable, cynical-looking man at the opposite side of the hearth; while I, at a distant table, pretended to be reading, though all the while my father's parting words kept repeating themselves over and over again in my mind, and dancing before me on the page I in vain tried to read.

"You must accept Mr. Lomax before my return at the end of the week, Beatrice. There must and shall be no farther delay; else you will remain no longer in my house."

These were the fatal words that would give me no rest. I looked across at Mr. Lomax. Accept *him?* be *his* wife? belong to *him?* the wife of a man three times my own age—a man of a morose, gloomy temper, whom I instinctively feared as well as hated, whose touch I shuddered at, whose glance seemed to blight me? Because he was rich and I poor, was I therefore to sacrifice my young life? *Never*, come what might!

"Mr. Lomax wishes you to sing, Beatrice," came from the distance—my step-mother's silvery, insincere voice. Seeing that I hesitated, she crossed quickly over and hissed in my ear, "Come, no nonsense; do as you are bid instantly, or you go to your room."

Without more ado I went to the piano, found a song that I remembered he particularly disliked, and sung it—badly.

"Really, Beatrice, I can not congratulate you either on your song or your voice," said Mrs. Byng, for once forgetting her *rôle* of amiability. "Pray sing something that will give us some little pleasure to listen to."

Mr. Lomax here joined in: "Yes, Miss Byng; you seem to forget that the last time you sang that song *I* expressed *my* dislike to it."

"So," thought I, "before even I have agreed to marry you, you dare censure me! I wonder what it will be after?"

However, I took a piece and played it through. Just as it was finished I found Mr. Lomax at my elbow.

"Cruel Beatrice, not to sing!" he murmured, and, suddenly encircling me with his arms, kissed me two or three times.

I struggled madly to free myself; jumped up and rushed out of the door; not, however, until I had heard Mrs. Byng's voice saying, soothingly, "Don't be dismayed, Mr. Lomax; the dear girl will come round in a day or two, I will answer for it."

Come round! *She* would answer for it!

Half crazed, I fled up the stairs, rushed to my room, and locked the door; then I plunged my face into a basinful of water, to wash away, if possible, every trace of those hated kisses. Yes; he had certainly made a masterly stroke then—he had made me realize how utterly I hated him, and how impossible it was that I could ever marry him. I felt scorched, polluted, by his touch.

And my father had said by his return it was to be a settled thing. Mrs. Byng, of course, had forced him to say that; *she* wanted me gone, that her child might reign supreme. Why, not content with forcing this hated marriage upon me, she had even, that very day, heaped other indignities upon me. I had had to do servants' work. Oh, what was I to do? My father had said I should not remain with him. Then I must marry Mr. Lomax? No—never! Rather would I beg.

Lightning-like, a thought flashed through my mind. Was it possible? I had restlessly been pacing the room; I now stood still. I put my hand to my head to still its throbbings. Yes, I would do it; I would save them all farther trouble. I would disappear. Again I bathed my face, but this time to clear my brain. I looked at my watch—eight o'clock. I remembered suddenly that the London mail stopped at a small station, where we were hardly known, about three miles distant, at midnight: plenty of time to catch it.

My resolution was taken. I had five pounds in my dressing-case, given me only a few days previously for allowance. I took it out and began my arrangements. First I packed up a small hand-bag, into which I also put several of my ornaments, and then I got myself ready for the walk.

The sounds in the house gradually ceased. I heard Mr. Lomax go. I heard my step-mother go to her room, and the usual locking-up take place, and then all was quiet. Half an hour elapsed.

"Now or never!" I thought; and, carefully unfastening my door, I crept down stairs, went into the dining-room and took a glass of wine, and, putting into my pocket some biscuits left on the table, I noiselessly opened the French window and stepped out on the terrace.

Free! As lightly as possible I glided, more than walked, past the front of the house, without deigning one farewell glance at the place that, until Mrs. Byng's advent, had been a happy home to me, but that lately had been worse than a prison; and, with a sigh of relief, found myself beyond the gates, with the long stretch of road before me.

How solitary it looked! Hitherto I had acted in a sort of maze; but the cold night air, in reviving, also brought me back to the present moment. Should I ever be able to walk those dreadful three miles alone? Looking up suddenly I saw afar the light glimmering from Mrs. Byng's window: that decided my fate. I ran swiftly on.

Snow was lying on the ground; every bush and twig stood sharply out against the sky clearly defined. As I passed under a belt of fir-trees the slight noise of my own footsteps startled me, and I glanced behind to be seized with fear at my own shadow. Turning the corner of the road, a dark moving thing came toward me. What *could* it be? My feet seemed rooted to the ground, else I must have turned and fled backward. However, as it came nearer, it proved to be only a horse with a clog on its leg. Taking courage, I rushed past it, and leaving the road, crossed two fields, and began to skirt the river, that being a short-cut to the station.

How dark and cold it looked as it glided on! But yet it fascinated me, and I stopped to gaze at it for a moment. What evil spirit was it that possessed me that second? With a shudder I sprang quickly forward, and ran on my way afresh; nor did I slacken speed until the station lights came in view. Not one human being had met me. So far I might hope that I had gained my liberty.

Putting on a thick veil, I entered and took my ticket for London—only just in time, for the train came up the next minute. How thankful was I to be even in *such* a haven of refuge! Sinking back into the first seat, I found I was not alone—a gentleman sat in the opposite side of the carriage; we had not gone far when he offered me his rug, which I gladly accepted, for it was dreadfully cold, and then he seemed to sleep.

During that long night I underwent a fiery ordeal of doubt and fear. No sleep visited my eyes; my future plans had to be made; but chaos reigned supreme in my mind, and anxious questioning as to whether, after all, I had acted rightly would perplex me. Would the shock harm my father, who, until Mrs. Byng entered the house, had invariably been kind to me? But no! He had been so harsh lately because I had declared I could not do as he wished with respect to Mr. Lomax. The net had gradually closed around me. Each day for the last two months I had in vain pleaded to be left free; *he* had tightened the strings, Mrs. Byng keeping him up to the mark; *he* had declared I should agree to this marriage, or leave *his* house. Well, the bird had got free a little sooner than they expected, that was all! Free! But whither next?

At last that night—as every other time, good or evil, must—came to an end. As soon as it was light my companion began to prepare for leaving the train. I looked at his face; it was good and kind: should I confide in him and beg his help? No; henceforth it was for me to act alone; my rash step had forfeited the woman's prerogative of being taken care of; already punishment came in that thought! However, I plucked up courage to ask him to take me to some place for breakfast; and then, when in a cab, after he had bidden me adieu, I felt as though my one remaining friend was gone: there had been a sense of protection even in his presence.

The need of action, however, recalled me to myself. After driving a short distance toward Temple Bar I ordered the cabman to take me again north; and, reaching a part of London I knew, from having been near at school, I got out and paid the man, and then, taking my bag in my hand, sought for some quiet, inexpensive lodging. Finally, after a weary walk, I succeeded in getting a cheap bedroom in a respectable street; after ordering some necessary things I sat down to consider the next step to take. Certainly, a suitable change of dress; I would go and buy new things at once. Then I went to a servants' registry office and put my name down for a lady's-maid place. My money would not hold out long; thus I might gain an honest livelihood, I thought in my inexperience. Surely in the vortex of London one's identity could be lost!

That night sleep came, and the whole of the next day illness kept me prisoner. It was the reaction; the mind, though still steadfast and firm, could not altogether master the body, which was weak and tender. At last, shaken and feeble, I succeeded in dressing. Horror of horrors! on counting my small stock of money I found it would be barely sufficient to pay the expenses of the past day. Hastily I put on my bonnet, and started in search of a situation. I, Beatrice Byng! A list was given me, but at each house where I applied the place had just been filled up. Having parted with some of my jewels, I continued my search for a situation, and at the end of a few weeks was sent to see a lady who was looking out for a maid for her daughters. How odd it felt to be shown into her presence as a servant! I know I behaved strangely: illness had made me nervous. After putting a few general questions, the lady asked for my character.

"I have not lived out before," I answered.

"Then, at all events, young woman, you can give me some reference?"

"No, ma'am," I said; "I can only ask you to try me without any one speaking for me. I will do my utmost to please you."

"Really, this is most abominable of Mrs. Rogers, sending me a person without any character; pray go instantly. I never have any thing to do with such as you."

A burning blush overspread my face, and I withdrew: how I got out of the house I know not. That was the last situation I would seek! Utterly hopeless, and worn out in mind and body, I walked up and down the terraces and squares, dreading to go back to my lonely room, though fearing to be seen and recognized even now. One thought alone brought comfort—far better this life even than that of the betrothed of Mr. Lomax!

It seemed to my excited imagination that people put their heads out of their carriages to look after me. I wondered to myself if I looked as strange and unreal as I felt. Walking along, I caught glimpses of comfortable kitchens, bright fires, and groups of merry servants. It was just dusk. At one house a carriage load of children

was being put down—one young mother even came to the door to meet her child—there was a joyous greeting and much laughter. How the voices thrilled through me! So had I once been. And now, a fugitive and almost starving, I crept along. How good the smell of that dinner being cooked! (I had tasted nothing that day.) A peal of bells struck my ear. Christmas-eve! So it was. Choking back my tears, I hastened on: no Christmas greetings for me—no kiss, no presents, no joy. No one to take any care whether I lived or died.

With these thoughts I crept back to my lodging. They came and told me even there that they were going out to a family gathering.

"Very well," I responded, "only let me be."

The landlady looked at me sorrowfully, and saying I had best go to bed and get warm—I had no fire—and that she would send me up some tea, left me to my own sad thoughts.

Bitter tears came to my aid, my brain else had been crazed; repentance for my rash step began to make itself felt. Conscience whispered that I had not considered sufficiently its possible effect upon others. After all, was not the punishment merited? But then the alternative—marriage with a man I despised as well as hated! Ah, well! Welcome death before that!

The Christmas bells rang all that evening and far into the night. I sank into a sort of trance; cold and hunger alike were forgotten. I saw a well-lit room; warmth and plenty prevailed; merry childish figures ran about; my father sat at the head of a well-covered table; round him were many bright faces; a little girl dressed to represent Christmas danced up to him; he took her up in his arms and kissed her brow. . . . It was myself. . . . I tried to speak . . . . and awoke.

Where was I? Was it really *me* lying there all alone with the cold moonlight resting on my forehead? Was I still dreaming? I sat up and gave a shuddering glance round. Ah, yes! *This* was all real, and I had run away from home—so I had. It seemed a long time ago—years almost. How odd and ill I felt! Surely I was not going to die there, in that room, all alone? I screamed aloud; there was no answer—no one heeded the lonely lodger. I put my clasped hands above my head, and prayed for calmness and help in my extremity. Then my thoughts wandered again to death. Perhaps I should be found there in the morning lying cold and stiff; they would shake their heads and murmur, "Poor young thing!" The landlady would find a directed envelope in my pocket, and then my father would come up and identify me. I should be put in my coffin carefully, and buried in some London cemetery among strangers, far away from any one who had ever loved me. My father would repent then his harshness—perchance weep—too late. He would look at me, all so still and white, and know it was *his* doing that I lay there. How sad it would be to see one so young dead! Would my face change much? I wondered. They would let my long hair down on the pillow, and, perhaps, strew a few flowers over me; caring for me too late—too late! Mrs. Byng then would grieve, and Mr. Lomax also. But where should *I* be—the *I* that lay there?

Sleep came at last, full of troubled dreams, but blessed, as it brought forgetfulness of the present. Christmas morning, in trying to rise, I fainted; so had to remain where I was. They brought me food out of pity; the woman of the house sat by my bedside, and begged to be allowed to write to my friends.

"There must be some one who cares for you, poor child," she said.

"No one," I sadly answered; "only let me alone."

The next day she again stood at the bottom of my bed: her husband wanted his rent; he refused even to get bread until he was paid; she could not change his resolution. Payment, or else I was to be turned into the street, ill or well.

"You shall have your money, and I will quit the room to-day," I said, as I emptied the contents of my purse into her willing hands. There was only just enough—not a penny over—and all my ornaments I had already pawned. What to do next, alas, I knew not.

Despair gave momentary strength. I rose and dressed. One look at the glass before I left. No one would recognize Beatrice Byng now—no farther fear of that. Sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, white lips. The old bright Beatrice Byng, then, was really already dead; it was merely her spirit or ghost that moved along now!

Mechanically I took up my bag, and passed out of the house, homeless and friendless.

Wandering aimlessly up and down some quiet terrace near, I felt my little strength was going; money for food must be had somehow. A lamp-post before a well-lit house attracted my attention; surely I might lean against it—no one would say me "nay" there. A sudden impulse, a quick resolve, and I broke out with a hymn I loved: "While shepherds watched their flocks." It was as though an angel sang within me, the voice was so pure and clear. The door of the house opened; some one came to my side; money was held out. I looked up, and saw dimly through a film of tears a gentleman. "Miss Byng!" was all he said; and I lost consciousness.

* * * * * *

HIS SIDE.

She fell into these arms. After all, it was decreed that I should find her. I carried her into my house, my sister, who was now quite well, helping me. We laid her in our best guest-chamber. Many days and nights death and love fought together; but love gained the mastery: my darling was restored to health. Day by day she grew to know how I loved her; day by day her heart became mine. In the sweet spring-time, when flowers bloomed and the violet gave out its perfume, we were married.

Colonel Byng gave his daughter away; but Mrs. Byng never even sent a message. I find it hard to forgive her; but Beatrice whispers, "If it had not been for her, we should never have met."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Trunks and their owners are on the homeward route, if not already there. A general exodus from all fashionable watering-places and mountain resorts commenced as early as the 1st of September, and still the tide pours into the city; for it matters not how cool August may be, nor how hot is September, it is the style for the "season" to close with the summer. We fancy many a family, wearied of the discomforts of hotel life, are glad enough to escape from the little close rooms where they sweltered through the "season," to the comfortable quarters in their own homes. Meanwhile some sensible people have just started on an autumn trip. They will find plenty of vacant rooms, and can exercise a choice in that matter. But unless they make a wise selection of places to visit they will find hotel attendance on the wane; carpets will be rolled up, furniture deficient in rooms, silver spoons and sugar-bowls packed up, and every thing in a migratory state. They will realize that the summer hotels are about returning to town, and are not anxious for late visitors. But avoid this difficulty, and September traveling is delightful. Yet the masses now return to their daily routine of duty, the majority fresher and brighter for something of change and rest. The hum of business grows louder, the streets more crowded. The "season" is over—the season of fashionable absence and gayety. Would that it were also true that the season of dreadful disasters and horrible crimes was over!

The waste of Ridgewood water in Brooklyn is awakening some remonstrance. It is stated, on the report of the authorities, that in 1862, when the population numbered 200,000, 5,745,300 gallons of water were disposed of daily by the citizens of Brooklyn. In 1870, with a population of 400,000, the daily supply of water is represented by 22,000,000 gallons. When 5,745,300 gallons were used the supply was equivalent to about twenty-eight gallons daily for each person. If 22,000,000 gallons be equally distributed among 400,000 citizens, each one will receive fifty-five gallons per diem, which amount is nearly two barrels.

"There are others hurt a great deal worse than I am. Go and attend to them. I can bear it." Such was the heroic reply of a wounded woman who, after the railroad accident at Revere, was asked by a passenger what he could do for her. She was at the time lying on the grass, her right arm fearfully crushed between the elbow and the shoulder, and her face badly scalded.

The great tunnel under Mont Cenis, which is to be opened the 17th of September, will then have been completed three months before the time stipulated in the contract—namely, December, 1871. The works were commenced in 1857, and have thus been fourteen years in hand. The rate of progress has been about three yards per day. On the French side there is still part of the connecting line—about six miles in length—incomplete. This will not be ready until a month after the opening of the tunnel.

For thirty-five years past the oak grove at Martha's Vineyard has been the scene of camp-meeting worship for one week in August.

"Murder will out" is an old adage, and with rare exceptions has proved true. Often it is a very little thing, and one most unlikely to be thought of, which affords a clew to the crime, and fastens it upon the guilty party. The fact that recently certain dentistry work upon the teeth of a young woman found dead helped prove the identity of the body suggests a case which many years ago greatly excited the public mind. A professor of a Boston literary institution murdered Dr. Parkman, a practicing physician. In various ways, by knife and fire, the murderer believed he had destroyed all trace of his victim. But the ashes of the furnace in the building were examined by the detectives, and there appeared the evidence of identity and of guilt—a set of false teeth, on the gold of which was imprinted the name "Parkman." A city dentist recognized his own work, and this, with other circumstances, convicted the murderer.

Moscow proposes to celebrate next year the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great by a grand national musical festival.

Somebody says, "Think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness, insult, or inattention."

The Academy of Science in Paris did not suspend its sittings in one single instance during the siege—a remarkable fact, amidst all the turmoil and confusion which surrounded it. It has just published its doings during that time.

When the Emperor of Russia was about to visit Warsaw, orders were given that in every house which had two doors one should be locked—evidently for the purpose of preventing escapes. Each house proprietor was directed, under severe penalties, at once to communicate the arrival of any stranger to the police. Every window was to be illuminated during three nights after the emperor's arrival, and those who occupied rooms with balconies were ordered to hang out at least two flags with the Russian colors. Men were commanded to wear a particular style of hat, under penalty of being punished for disrespect to the emperor.

The Rothschild family is about to celebrate the centenary of the banking house to which it owes its fortune. The firm was established at Frankfort in 1771 by Meyer-Anselm.

A physician of Washington estimates the number of cases of cancer now under treatment in the United States at 100,000, with an average of 1000 deaths a week.

The causes of physical degeneracy were discussed at the recent meeting of the British Science Association in Edinburgh. One thought the decline arose from hard drudgery, confined occupations, adulteration of food, and particularly from the employment of women and children in unhealthy occupations; another assigned intemperance as the cause; another insufficient food; and another still the extensive use of tea. But the most remarkable opinion expressed—and it was one which carried the weight of the highest authorities present—was that the great care now taken by physicians to preserve the lives of invalids and those constitutionally weak led to the deterioration of the human race. Formerly the weak and invalid died out, leaving the strong to multiply and replenish the earth; but the success of medical practitioners now enabled the delicate and sickly to survive and propagate feeble constitutions. The obvious remedy for this—namely, that we should tomahawk the infirm, as the red Indians do—was cynically suggested; but it was decided that, by saving the feeble, humanity gained in moral what it lost in physical advantages.

The champion woman lives in South Carolina: age, ninety-seven; health, rugged; occupation, weaving; amusement, walking a couple of miles to see her grandson, and harnessing a mule to a buggy for a drive when she likes. The champion man lives in the same township: age, one hundred and seven; occupation, talking—his eye-sight being gone. Another centenarian abides in St. Augustine, Florida. He is only a hundred and two, but he can read without spectacles, and, being strong and hearty, thinks there is good prospect of another century before him.

Wise and efficient policemen they have in Chicago. A few nights ago one of these worthies discovered a house on fire. Very discreetly he went off to give the alarm; then he returned to arouse the family. Meanwhile a woman had been suffocated, and her husband and child dreadfully burned.

A curious medical experiment was tried in Russia not long since, which illustrates the influence of the mind on the body. Some murderers were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. Afterward they were told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were, in fact, new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours.

A death-dealing machine, the result of forty years' labor, is the invention of a Mr. Walters, of Birmingham, England. His grand aim has been "to try to Christianize all those who have to take away life, and for their ears and eyes to be free from the dying struggles and shrieks of God's creatures." The patentee asserts that his machine "instantly and momentously deprives of life any animal the great Creator ever formed, from the beautiful bird-of-paradise to the mighty elephant."

The largest family gathering New England has ever witnessed was on August 31, when over three thousand Howes assembled in Framingham, Massachusetts. Harmony Grove was the spot chosen for this remarkable family meeting. A mammoth tent was erected, orations delivered, poems read, and songs sung. After the three thousand had dined there were more speeches, general conversation followed, some very ancient relics were inspected, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the young folks fell to dancing. The youngest representative of the Howe family present was but four months old; and there was at least one who had passed his eighty-second birthday.

The New York *Times*, after stating that the following paragraph has appeared in several journals without query or correction—"The gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney, when he threw his costly cloak on the muddy ground, upon which the queen might step over dry-shod, is quoted as the highest example of chivalric devotion to the sex"—goes on to say that the writer of this forgot to mention that Sir Philip Sidney did this as Queen Elizabeth was on her way to the funeral of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was killed by a needle-gun on the field of Zutphen, and who drew out the ball, saying, "It gives me no pain, my Peters; you need it more than I do." This was about the time that Alexander the Great discovered America, and, overcome with emotion, exclaimed to Peter the Hermit, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," which so touched the Earl of Chesterfield that he uttered his famous compliment, "Praise from Sir Morton Peto is praise indeed!" This sounds very much like some of those worded jumbles which used to be given out in our school-days as a test of memory.

The most sensible brothers we have ever heard of live in Michigan. We are sorry we do not know their names, as well as that of the town which is so fortunate as to have them for citizens. Were all men like them, lawyers would fail *en masse*. These brothers are farmers, well off as regards property, and generally harmonious. But one day they had a little falling out, and one threatened to do the other an injury. The threatened one thought best to apply to a district official for protection. Accordingly the two rode into town together, put up their team, drank each other's health, and then together visited a justice of the peace. That official listened to the complaint, issued a warrant for threats, the accused pleaded guilty, and the accuser became his surety in the sum of two hundred dollars for his good behavior one year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Oxford professor, addressing a class of law students at graduation, said, "Young gentlemen, you are about to launch out upon the ocean of law: do not, like squirrels, skip from tree to tree and from branch to branch, leaving the fragments behind."

The following epitaph is by Moore, on an attorney named Shaw:

"Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at law;
And when he died
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

A reckless party, recently sold out, said his goods were more easily moved than he was.

"Come, Bob, tell us how much you cleared by the late races on Long Island?" "Cleared!" said Bob; "why, I cleared—my pockets."

"Abuse not him in word," said Don Quixote to Sancho, "whom you are resolved to chastise in deed." This aphorism is clearly stolen by the Don from the antediluvian story of the negro sailor who, being strapped up for the lash, cut short a prefatory homily of the captain by saying, "If you preachee, preachee; or if you floggee, floggee; but don't both preachee and floggee too!"

Is a soldier supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire?

Why is the crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

The ceremony of tying the knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following scene will show: "What is your name, Sir?" "Matty." "What is your name, miss?" "Polly." "Matty, do you love Polly?" "No mistake." "Polly, do you love Matty?" "Well, I reckon." "Well, then,

'I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life.'"

"Pat, where's your brother?" "Och, thin, me darlint, he's dead, Sir." "But how did he die?" "Well, Sir, you see he fell off the scaffold one day when the priest was talkin' to him."

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter; "we haven't got it: and isn't it corn bafe you mane?"

What is the worst kind of fare soldiers can live on?—Warfare.

A New Orleans thief returned some abstracted clothing that proved too small, and wrote to the owner that he would wait for him to grow.

A Little Short—General Tom Thumb.

SONG OF THE RING.
[Altered from Watts.]

How doth the busy Peter B.
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather money every way
  That lies within his power!

How skillfully he lines his nest,
  And puts it in the tax!
How little labor he performs,
  Yet what a sum he makes!

In some such occupation, Boss,
  I would be busy, too—
Some light and easy job, you knew,
  That idle hands may do.

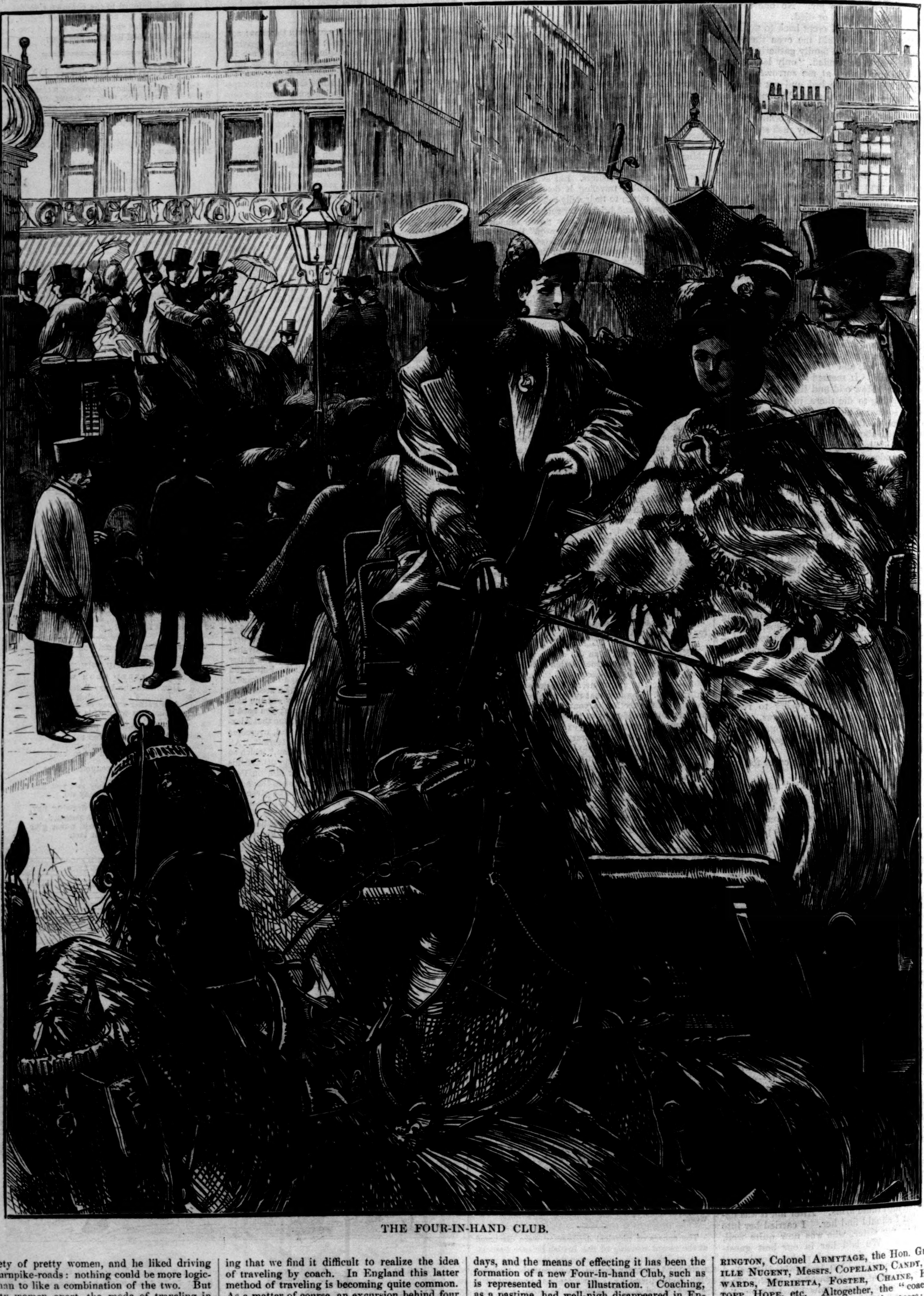
In working not, but drawing pay,
  Let all my days be passed;
For Slippery Dick will never give
  A true account at last.

"IT'S MONEY MAKES THE MAYOR GO."

THE NEW FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

DR. JOHNSON considered it one of the greatest enjoyments in life to ride—by which he meant be driven—along an English turnpike-road with a pretty woman by his side. There is no need to suppose that the pretty woman was his main consideration. The doctor liked the for; were pleasure the object in view, the adventures on the road became a part of the enjoyment. Now, the man of business is allowed no rest, and the man of pleasure—whatever his wealth and power—who seeks change of scene must make a sacrifice of hours, and even days, of his life while on the move. We are all so accustomed to the monotony of railway travel- Cellar in Piccadilly, and you might suppose that there was no such thing as a railway between London and Windsor, London and Brighton, or London and Tunbridge Wells. Coaches are announced to run regularly from that time-honored hostelry to all of those pleasant places—that is to say, during the summer months.

Thus there is a revival of coaching in these "the rein" to some extent, but not very considerably; and a fresh organization has been required to bring the institution into its present condition. The club has, in all, sixty teams; so it may well be a good customer to breeders; and it will probably boast a larger number next season, as it has eighty members on its list. Among the best-known members are Lord CAR-

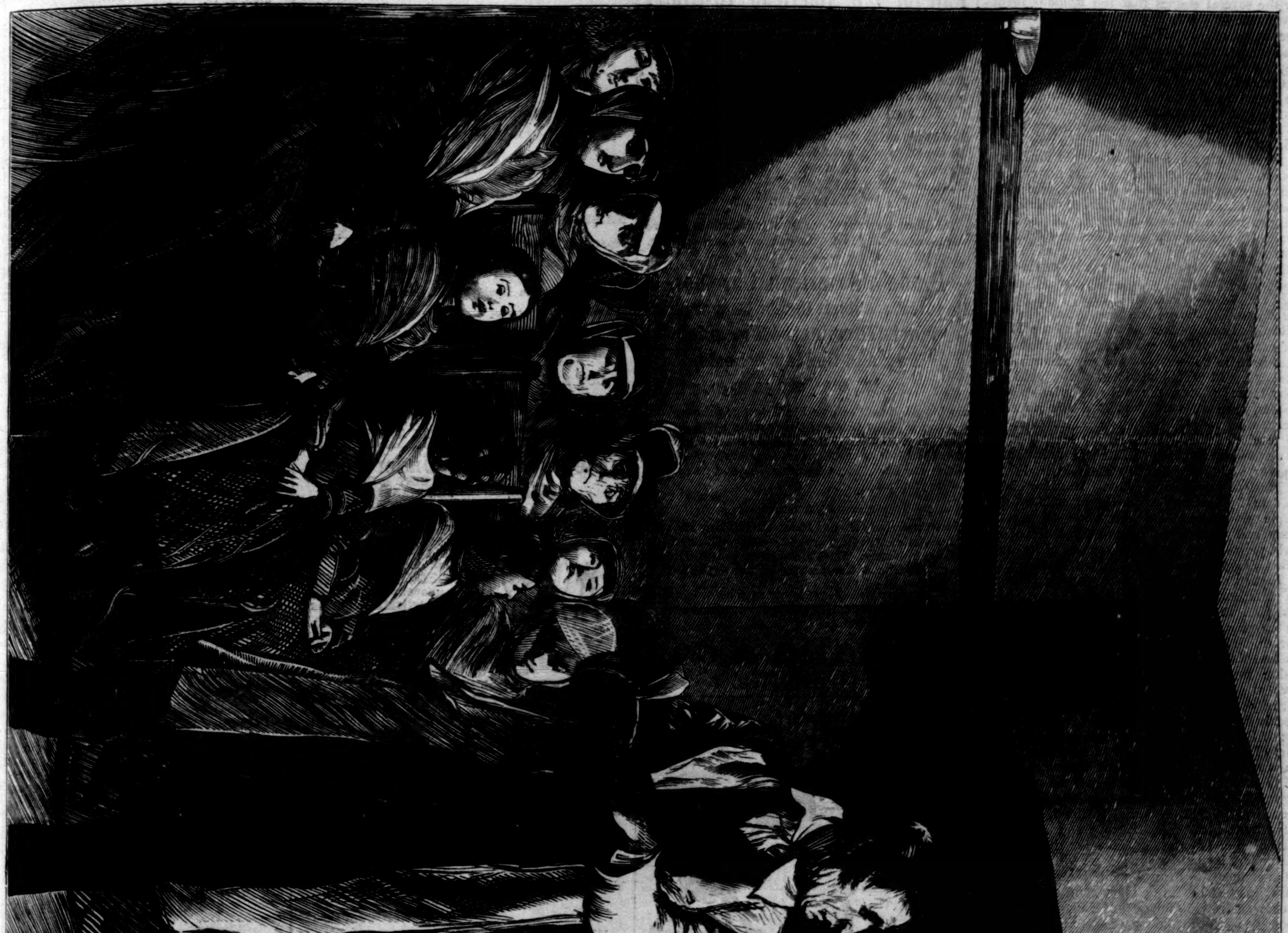


THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

society of pretty women, and he liked driving on turnpike-roads: nothing could be more logical than to like a combination of the two. But pretty women apart, the mode of traveling in the old days must have added much to the enjoyment of life. The journey occupied more time, but people had more time to spare. If business was in question, the delay was allowed ing that we find it difficult to realize the idea of traveling by coach. In England this latter method of traveling is becoming quite common. As a matter of course, an excursion behind four horses seems to Englishmen inseparable from a holiday—something connected with a race, or a review, or a picnic, or a drive somewhere out to dinner. Pass any day by the White Horse days, and the means of effecting it has been the formation of a new Four-in-hand Club, such as is represented in our illustration. Coaching, as a pastime, had well-nigh disappeared in England. The present generation knew it only by tradition, and such celebrities as Sir VINCENT COTTON and Sir HENRY PEYTON were regarded as myths. The old Four-in-hand Club revived RINGTON, Colonel ARMYTAGE, the Hon. GREVILLE NUGENT, Messrs. COPELAND, CANDY, EDWARDS, MURIETTA, FOSTER, CHAINE, HARTOPP, HOPE, etc. Altogether, the "coaching club" may be considered a thorough success; and deserves well of the public, not merely for its influence upon horseflesh, but for the animation which it gives to so many out-of-door occasions.

ELDER FREDERICK EVANS AT HOME.

THE advent of Shaker FREDERICK EVANS in England, and his recent exposition of the Shaker doctrines, have excited there a general interest about this sect and their opinions. The Shakers, or, as they call themselves, the "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," are a quiet and unostentatious sect, numbering about nine thousand persons. Like many others, this sect was founded in the old country, but the promoters being only seven in number, and finding no chance of peaceably establishing themselves in England, emigrated to America, where they founded a community, and are now one of the most flourishing of the many religious societies thus established in the New World. The peculiarity of their doctrines is a belief that the Saviour has already risen again, in the person of an English factory girl named Ann Smith, and that, therefore, there will be no other resurrection. They enforce celibacy, and hold that every man should labor and divide his earnings with the community. In fact, their ideas are wholly Communistic—*i. e.*, an equal division of labor and property. An excellent account of the sect, its rise and progress, together with a full exposition of the Shaker belief, has been given by Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON in his "New America," as well as a description of Mount Lebanon, where, indeed, Elder EVANS is head and chief; and our illustration on this page represents Elder FREDERICK EVANS at home—that is, in the meeting-house, explaining to his disciples the mysteries of the "Resurrectionist Doctrine." Mr. DIXON describes Elder EVANS as a "man of ideas," and it now appears that his intention is to form a Shaker settlement in England. Our sketch, taken in Mount Lebanon, well portrays the costume of the community, thus described by Mr. DIXON: "The men are oddly attired in a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar, and no tie; an under-vest buttoned to the throat, and falling below the thighs; loose trowsers, rather short; and broad-brimmed hat, nearly always made of straw. The women are habited in a small muslin cap; a white kerchief wrapped round the chest and shoulders; a sacque, or shirt, dropping in a straight line from the waist to the ankle; white socks, and shoes."



ELDER FREDERICK EVANS AT HOME.

THE PROPOSED RESEARCHES IN THE BED OF THE TIBER.

IN connection with the announcement recently made that the Italian government have it in contemplation to cleanse the bed of the Tiber, in the hope of discovering statues and other objects of archæological value, it may be interesting to read the words of Addison on the same subject, written more than a century and a half since. He writes:

"The great magazine for all kinds of treasure is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure when the Romans lay under the apprehension of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy—as they have done more than once—that they would take care to bestow such of their

riches this way as could best bear the water, besides what the insolence of a brutal conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common shore (sewer) of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town, with a current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favorite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river that the Jews have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanse it, so that they might have for their pains what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it till they had cleared the old for its reception. The Pope, however, would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I don't see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed on it."—*Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, etc., in the Years* 1701, 1702, 1703, *by the late Right Hon. Joseph Addison.*

Really the exploration of the bed of the Tiber is a sensation. The deposits of three thousand years have to be—we can not say unearthed—unsanded. Fires, inundations, the wrecks of heavy-laden galleys, the ruins of palaces and temples, have all helped to feed the imperial stream with magnificent waste. Moreover, we are reminded that Tiber was the receptacle of the statues, armor, and diadem of an unpopular emperor, and the asylum of treasures saved from the grasp of barbarian invader. But how about the coins? Can any archaic gem eclipse their unique eloquence? On the coins of stately Rome and captivating captive Greece the old world perpetuated the myriad phases of its marvelous complexity. The chained Dacian and his Roman conqueror; Judæa weeping beneath the palm, and her Gentile sentinel; the dusky Ethiopian, in his elephant-drawn car, holding the scorpion, personating Africa; the crocodile, sistrum, and ibis of Egypt; the barbarous weapons and the cony that creeps in the sierras of Spain; the camels and spices of Arabia; the bow and quiver of Parthia; the wheaten chaplet of Sicily; the parsley coronet of Achaia; the queenly figure of Italy, with her belt of towers; that of Britain leaning on a rock in the beating heart of Ocean—some or all of these long-hidden numismatic transcripts of character, fact, and feature Father Tiber will now be made to disgorge. The Italian Association, which is headed by Signor Alessandro Castellani, and supported by the learned of Europe and America, reckons on a practical alliance for the accomplishment of its artistic aim; for it will be helped by the company formed to quell insurgent Tiber, which, instead of being allowed his periodical mischievous inundations, will be chained to his yellow bed. Which shall we have most to admire, ancient art or modern engineering?

IT is saddening to see our hair blossoming for the grave too early. More especially women feel this affliction, and it is even a greater deformity to them than to men. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR removes it, and restores the hair sometimes, but its original color always.—[*Com.*]

PYLE'S O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

BALD heads may have a new crop of hair by applying Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, if the hair follicles are not entirely closed up.—*Com.*

WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY.—No established remedy has stood critical tests so well.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.—W. SCHAUS, 749 Broadway, offers the best materials for drawing and painting, in oil, water colors, and pastel of the houses *Winsor & Newton, Chas. Roberson & Co.*, and *Lefranc frères.*

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Depot, 49 Bond St., New York.

$7 50

WILL BUY THE

BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE

Warranted to sew as well as any of the high-priced machines making a similar stitch. It is so simple in its construction that it will not get out of order, and a child ten years old can comprehend and work it. Send stamp for circular. Orders by mail promptly attended to, or sent by express, C. O. D., with privilege of trial on receipt of $1, to guarantee express charges in case it is not taken.

EASTMAN, SMITH, & CO., AGENTS,
745 Broadway, New York City.

$300 A MONTH and expenses to good canvassers. Samples free. C. M. Linington, Chicago.

PRANG'S
AMERICAN CHROMOS.

NOW ON EXHIBITION
AT THE
Fair of the American Institute,

Together with the original Oil Paintings:
The Wayside Inn, after Thomas Hill.
Dessert, No. 3 (Fruit Piece), after C. P. Ream.
The Coming Storm, after James M. Hart.
Pastoral Scene, after James M. Hart.

ALSO:
Madonna (life size), after Murillo.
Dessert, No. 1 and No. 2, after R. D. Wilkie.
Trout, after Geo. N. Cass.
Pickerel, after Geo. N. Cass.
&c., &c., &c.

The above are some of our latest publications, and we would respectfully invite the public to examine them.

Prang's American Chromos, Imperials, Album Cards, Rewards of Merit, Illuminated Texts for Day and Sunday Schools, etc., etc., etc., etc.,

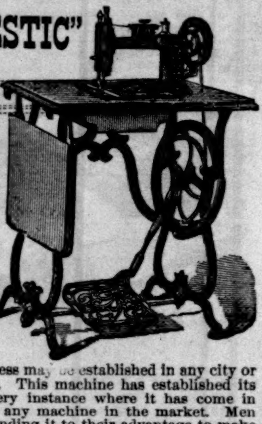
are for sale at all respectable Art-Stores throughout the world. **But not all Chromos offered for sale are PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS,** and we would therefore request those desiring to buy our Chromos to examine title and trade-mark before purchasing.

NOW IN PREPARATION:
Kaufmann's American Painting Book. The Art of Painting, or of Imitating the Effects of Color in Nature. With illustrations executed in colors. By Theod. Kaufmann. 4°. Price $5 00.

☞ ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES may be obtained at the Fair, or will be mailed gratis to any address on receipt of Postage Stamp.

L. PRANG & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

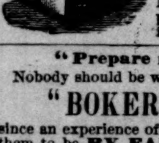
"DOMESTIC"



The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as *light* and as *heavy;* light running and easily operated. The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable—will last a lifetime. Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequaled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. *Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.* Machines guaranteed as represented.

Address **"Domestic" Sewing Machine Co., 96** Chambers St., New York, or Toledo, Ohio.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS
VENEERS,
FANCY WOODS AND BOARDS,
Have in store the finest assortment ever seen, particularly
FRENCH VENEERS, HUNGARIAN ASH, &c.,
to which they invite the particular attention of the trade.
Send for a catalogue and price-list.
For SALE, one of the best and largest VENEER-CUTTING MACHINES in the country.
170 and 172 Centre St.
Factory, 186 to 200 Lewis St.



THE WAKEFIELD
EARTH CLOSET,
Is by all odds the *best* yet patented. Send to WAKEFIELD EARTH CLOSET Co. 36 Dey St. New York, for Descriptive pamphlet, or call and examine.

"Prepare for the Cholera."
Nobody should be without a bottle of
"BOKER'S BITTERS,"
since an experience of more than 45 years has *proved* them to be **BY FAR the BEST and most EFFICACIOUS Stomach Bitters**, as well as a very agreeable and pleasant Cordial. *Beware of Counterfeits*, and buy *only* of respectable houses.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. **66 Liberty St., New York.**

GLYCERINE CAKE.
RAWOLLE'S TOILET GLYCERINE CAKE is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. MARX & RAWOLLE, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 179 William St., New York.

Stammering
Cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. For description, &c., address SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, N. Y.

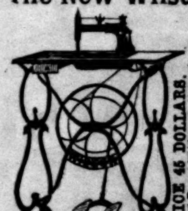
Plain Silk Department.

A. T. STEWART & CO.
are offering a magnificent display
of
RICH PLAIN SILKS
of
THREE SHADES TO A COLOR,
Manufactured expressly for their Retail, and in the highest taste,
viz.:
A. B. C.—THREE TINTS for BODICE, POLONAISE, and UNDER PETTICOAT—or each color sold separately, in Cineraire, Cypres, Grenat, Fontre, Russe, Tourterelle, Tourterelle Camayeux, Moyer, Marine, Cendre, Van Dyck, Fumée, Marron Camayeux, Myrthe, and Scabieuse.

TRIMMING VELVETS CAMAYEUX,
CUT BIAS TO MATCH ALL THE SHADES.

BROADWAY, 4TH AVE., 9TH & 10TH STS.

The New Wilson Under-Feed.



THE BEST & CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.
Warranted for five years, and the warranty indemnified by a capital of half a million of dollars.
PRICE 45 DOLLARS.
AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied territory. For particulars address **Wilson Sewing Machine Co.** Cleveland, O.; St. Louis, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; Pittsburg, Pa. Louisville, Ky.; Cincinnati, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Memphis, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Toledo, O.; Albany, N.Y.; St. Paul, Minn.; Richmond, Va.; Montgomery, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Galveston & Houston, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; or
No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HARPER & BROTHERS'
SPECIAL TRADE SALE,
1871.
FROM AUG. 21 TO SEPT. 30.

FRANKLIN SQUARE,
NEW YORK, *August*, 1871.

We invite the attention of Booksellers to our Special List of Books, which we will sell on the following terms, for Cash, from the 21st of August to the 30th of September, after which our terms will positively be as heretofore.

On Orders of	$ 100	at one time,	25	per cent.	discount;
"	$ 500	"	30	"	"
"	$1000	"	33⅓	"	"
"	$2000	"	35	"	"

And an additional deduction of Five per cent. for Cash.

The *Special List* will be furnished to Booksellers on application to the Publishers.
HARPER & BROTHERS.

DENSLOW & BUSH'S "SAFETY" OIL

Will not explode! Safest and purest oil ever produced! Stands over 150° fire test! We take regular Kerosene oil and by our new process expel all impurities and explosive elements. The Fire Underwriters of N. Y. urgently recommend our oil as a protection to life and property. A lighted lamp may be upset and broken without fear of explosion or fire. For sale by all grocers, druggists, &c., in the U. S. Extra inducements to dealers. Address DENSLOW & BUSH, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.; 8 Custom H. St., Boston, Mass.; 34 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.; 51 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.; or Cleveland, O.

REV. D. A. HOLBROOK'S
MILITARY SCHOOL,
SING SING, N. Y.,
Re-opens September 14, 1871.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY for Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with much personal care and culture, provides the best educational advantages found in European or Home Schools; re-opens Wednesday, Sept. 13. For prospectus, address the Rev. GEO. T. RIDER, Rector.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.—This institution offers the accumulated advantages of over fifty years of successful operation. For circulars apply to JOHN H. WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

No Cords or Balances Used.
For Sale by Upholsterers.

486 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.
Sent to the Trade.
MODELS AND TERMS

$10 A DAY with **Stencil Tools.** Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt.

Valuable New Books,
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

BULWER'S KING ARTHUR. King Arthur. A Poem. By EARL LYTTON. 12mo, Cloth, Illuminated, $1 75.

BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. The Life and Times of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. Vols. I. and II. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol. (*To be completed in Three Volumes.*)

THE COUSIN FROM INDIA. A Book for Girls. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, Author of "Mildred," &c. With Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY: a Picture from Life. A Book for Girls. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With Illustrations by Frölich. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

COMFORT'S GERMAN CONVERSATION. A Manual of German Conversation: to succeed "The German Course." By GEO. F. COMFORT, A.M., Author of "A German Course," "A German Reader," &c. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 50.

POTTER'S MANUAL OF READING. A Manual of Reading, in Four Parts: Orthophony, Class Methods, Gesture, and Elocution. Designed for Teachers and Students. By H. L. D. POTTER. 12mo, Cloth, $1 40.

ABBOTT'S FREDERICK THE GREAT. The History of Frederick the Second, called Frederick the Great. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "The French Revolution," &c. Elegantly Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

JEFFERSON'S DOMESTIC LIFE. The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson: compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences by his Great-Granddaughter, SARAH N. RANDOLPH. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 50.

AMERICAN GUIDE TO EUROPE. Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With numerous Maps and Plans of Cities. Tenth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, $5 00.

LYELL'S STUDENT'S GEOLOGY. The Student's Elements of Geology. By Sir CHARLES LYELL, Bart., F.R.S., Author of "The Principles of Geology," "The Antiquity of Man," &c. With more than 600 Illustrations on Wood. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES. A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations made in the Years 1865–'67. By RICHARD J. BUSH, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

RAWLINSON'S MANUAL of ANCIENT HISTORY. A Manual of Ancient History, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. Comprising the History of Chaldæa, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lydia, Phœnicia, Syria, Judæa, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

Fresh Novels,
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "Kilmeny," "In Silk Attire," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NEW LIBRARY EDITIONS by the Author of "John Halifax:"
OLIVE.—OGILVIES.—THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.—JOHN HALIFAX.—AGATHA'S HUSBAND. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 per volume.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Put Yourself in His Place," "Griffith Gaunt," "Hard Cash," "White Lies," "Foul Play," &c. With many Original Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 30 cents; 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE ISLAND NEIGHBORS. A Novel of American Life. By Mrs. A. B. BLACKWELL. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

WON—NOT WOOED. By the Author of "Bred in the Bone," "A Beggar on Horseback," "One of the Family," "Gwendoline's Harvest," "Carlyon's Year," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

NEW EDITIONS
OF BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

FELIX HOLT. By GEORGE ELIOT. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL. By ANNE BRONTË. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS. By EMILY BRONTË. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ANTHON'S LATIN-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. 8vo, Sheep, $3 50.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT. Vols. II., III., and V. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00 per vol.

CHARLES READE'S FOUL PLAY. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

DORÉ. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ABBOTT'S CYRUS. 16mo, Cloth, $1 20.

DEMOSTHENES. Vol. II. New Classical Library. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THACKERAY'S PHILIP. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

TROLLOPE'S BERTRAMS. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

SMITH'S SMALLER GREECE. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The great design of *Harper's* is to give correct information and rational amusement to the great masses of the people. There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

At once the most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines. * * * All the periodicals which the Harpers publish are almost ideally well edited.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY. A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The spirited and telling pictorial satires of NAST are a power in society, and are dictated in aid of a sound public opinion, and against public wrongs and follies. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR. A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Free from all political and sectarian discussion, devoted to fashion, pleasure, and instruction, it is just the agreeable, companionable, and interesting domestic paper which every mother and wife and sweetheart will require every son, husband, and lover to bring home with him every Saturday evening.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Harper's Bazar at the outset occupied a place not filled by any American periodical, and won for itself a deserved popularity. It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip. The publishers appear to have spared no labor or expense necessary to make the *Bazar* the most attractive journal that can possibly be made.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"Poor Miss Finch,"

A new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," &c., has just commenced in

Harper's Weekly.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from No. 766 [for September 2], in which Number this story began, to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading-matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is four times that of any similar publication.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year......$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year...... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year...... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $500; Half Page, $250; Quarter Page, $150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,

(Successors to Strasburger, Fritz, & Pfeiffer),
IMPORTERS OF GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH

TOYS, China & Fancy Goods,

BOHEMIAN GLASS and LAVA WARES,
MUSIC BOXES, ACCORDEONS, HARMONICAS, CONCERTINAS, &c., &c.,

394 Broadway, near Canal St., N.Y.

Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving to supply the general demand.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. III.

POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT...No. 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.......... " 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS.......... " 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT.......... " 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT...... " 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS.......... " 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT.......... " 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT.......... " 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.......... " 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT.......... " 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT.......... " 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT.......... " 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT.......... " 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS.......... " 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.......... " 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.......... " 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.......... " 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT.......... " 21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).......... " 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).......... " 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).......... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).... " 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old) " 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).......... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).. " 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.......... " 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.. " 39

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

BUILDING PAPER

OF THREE GRADES.

TARRED SHEATHING,
For outside of Studding, under Clap-boards. A non-conductor of cold, heat, and dampness.

Prepared Plastering BOARD,
A cheap and perfect substitute for lath and plaster; makes a smooth, warm, and substantial wall, at less than half the usual cost.

DOUBLE THICK ROOFING
and Quartz Cement make a good water and fire proof roof for less than $3 50 per square.

Samples and circulars sent free by
ROCK RIVER PAPER CO., Chicago; or
B. E. HALE, 22 & 24 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

H. HENDERSON'S
FAMILY LIQUOR CASES.
Each Case containing One Bottle of

OLD PALE BRANDY,	HOLLAND GIN,
OLD RYE WHISKY,	OLD PALE SHERRY,
FINE OLD PORT,	OLD BOURBON.

Guaranteed Pure and of the very Best Quality.
PRICE SEVEN DOLLARS.
Sent by Express C. O. D., or Post-Office order.
H. HENDERSON, 15 Broad St., New York.

Whitney's Neats-Foot Harness Soap.
(STEAM REFINED.)

Trade-Mark.

It Oils, Blacks, Polishes, and Soaps at the same time. For Sale by Harness Makers, Grocers, and Druggists every where. Manufactured by
G. F. WHITNEY & CO., Lexington, Mass.

FOX, OTTER, MINK—ALL ANIMALS from the smallest to Bear and Deer—can be trapped. Boys! read the New *Enlarged* "Hunter's Guide and Trapper's Companion." Tells all about "HUNTING, FISHING, and TRAPPING," How to Make Traps, Boats, and Snares. Also, trapping secrets, to tan furs all colors and kinds. Nearly 100 pages. It is the only cheap book of the kind. Beware of recipes and worthless books. Only 25 cents, prepaid, by
HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.

Economy the order of the day. Household articles made from paper, durable and cheap. Pails, Milk-Pans, Wash-Bowls, Fruit-Dishes, &c. Send for Price and Descriptive Lists. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St., N. Y. City.

ROSES, ROSES, ROSES.—*The largest Stock in the Country.* NEW WHOLESALE CATALOGUE OF DESIRABLE NURSERY STOCK *for Fall Planting.* FREE. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Harmony Grove Nurseries, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

THE
"MANSARD."

This new and elegant style of the Ladd Patent Stiffened Gold Watch-Case, recently invented by us for American movements, is now in market and for sale by Jewelers and Watchmakers generally. Descriptive Circulars sent on application.

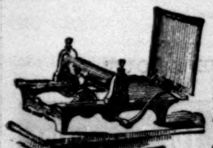
J. A. BROWN & CO., 11 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.
American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

FREE Try samples of our great 8-page, $1 00, *illustrated* weekly—30 years established. Fine steel engravings free to subscribers. Agents make $5 a day. Send for **The Saturday Gazette**, Hallowell, Me.



PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES, for all classes of Business Men, Schools, Amateur Printers, &c. Circular mailed free. Specimen Books of Type, Cuts, &c., ten cents.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

RIFLES. Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*

MEN OF MIND, Women of heart, writing a Christian book. You *may write.* Send stamp for circular. JOHNSON & Co., 75 Fulton St., N.Y. Box 4015.

VINEGAR—how made—of Cider, Wine, or Sorgo, in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn.

EMPLOYMENT.

I want **1000** agents to canvass for the COMPLETE HERBALIST. I will give such terms and furnish such advertising facilities that no man need make less than $200 per month and all expenses—no matter whether he ever canvassed before or not. A premium of a new dress given to lady canvassers. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., and full particulars will be sent by return mail.

$150 a Month! Employment! Extra Inducements!

A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—For the new work, *Ruins and Relics of the Holy City*, showing the results of recent explorations among the ruins of Jerusalem. Is selling rapidly. Send for circular. M. W. REDDING & CO., Temple Building, 544 Broadway, N. Y.

$250 a Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, *free.* S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

WATCH FREE, $30 a day sure. No money in advance. Address, with stamp, LATTA & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

AMERICAN GUIDE TO EUROPE.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With numerous Maps and Plans of Cities. Tenth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, $5 00.

This new, revised, and enlarged edition of *Harper's Hand-Book* contains the following Maps and Plans:

Railroad Map of Europe, 25 by 22 inches (in cover-pocket).—London, 35 by 27 inches (in cover-pocket). —Atlantic Routes.—Ireland.—Lakes of Killarney.—Dublin.—Belfast.—Great Britain, North.—Edinburgh.—Glasgow.—Environs of London.—Great Britain, South.—The Lake District.—Wales.—Paris. —Versailles.—Marseilles.—Nice.—Metz.—Strasbourg.—Antwerp.—Berlin.—Kings Garden, near Potsdam.—Hamburg.—Dresden.—Prague.—Vienna. —Pesth and Ofen.—Trieste.—Venice.—Verona.—Milan.—Bologna.—Turin.—Genoa.—Florence.—Plan of the Uffizi Gallery.—Pisa.—Rome.—Roman Forum.—Ancient Rome.—Palace of the Vatican.—Naples.—Museo Nationale.—Pompeii.—Palermo.—Egypt and Northern Nubia.—Cairo.—Thebes.—Palestine.—Jerusalem.—Church of the Holy Sepulchre. —Turkey in Asia.—Greece and the Ionian Islands.—Switzerland.—Munich.—Augsburg.—Nuremburg.—Carlsruhe.—Frankfort.—Cologne.—St. Petersburg. —Stockholm.—The Alhambra.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $5 00.*

THE
NEWEST and BEST TEXT-BOOKS For SCHOOLS and FAMILIES.

Harper's School History of the United States. By DAVID B. SCOTT. With Maps and Illustrations. $1 50.

Teachers who have been unable to find, among the many imperfect works offered them, a School History containing the elements which should rightly compose such a work, will find in this work that accuracy, sense of proportion, and careful generalization which are necessary to a successful text-book on the History of the United States. It contains an unusual number of valuable maps.

Willson's Intermediate Fifth Reader. $1 40.

This book is arranged on the plan of the author's other Reading-Books, and embraces, in brief, the principles of Rhetoric, Criticism, Eloquence, and Oratory, as applied to both prose and poetry. The whole adapted to Elocutionary Instruction.

Willson's Speller and Analyzer. 45 cts.

In addition to containing several times as much matter for Spelling-Lessons as any other book of its size, it imparts thorough elementary instruction in the formation, derivation, and uses of words.

Willson's Readers and Spellers.—Primary Speller, 20 cents.—Larger Speller, 40 cents.—Speller and Analyzer, 45 cents.—Primer, 25 cents.—First Reader, 40 cents.—Second Reader, 60 cents.—Third Reader, 90 cents.—Third Intermediate, 80 cents.—Fourth Reader, $1 35.—Fourth Intermediate, $1 10. —Fifth Reader, $1 80.—Fifth Intermediate, $1 40.

These Readers have now been before the public for about ten years, during which time they have proved satisfactorily that skill in Reading and an elementary knowledge of the Natural Sciences may be acquired at one and the same time, and that, therefore, school time may be greatly economized.

French's Mental Arithmetic. 50 cents.

A practical work, rather than a book of arithmetical puzzles. This book completes the author's Common-School Course.

French's Arithmetics.—First Lessons in Numbers, 40 cents.—Elementary Arithmetic, 50 cents.—Mental Arithmetic, 50 cents.—Common-School Arithmetic, $1 00.—Academic Arithmetic (in press).

The plan for this Series, and for each book embraced in it, was fully matured before any one of the books was completed. As the rules are based upon true philosophical principles, there is a harmony, a fitness, and a real progressiveness in the books that are not found in any other series of Arithmetics published.

Calkins's Object Lessons. $1 50.

To parents and teachers who are endeavoring to train the perceptive faculties of children, this book is of great assistance and value.

March's Parser and Analyzer: an Elementary Work on Grammar. 50 cents.

This book is so made as to train the pupil to see, hear, and think, as well as to remember rightly. The briefest accurate definitions are given, followed by problems which the pupil is to solve, and so work out the meaning and application of the principles and rules. The diagram analysis will be found easy, stimulating, and helpful.

Dalton's Physiology. $1 50.

This book, while containing a sufficiency of matter to satisfy the requirements of the College course, is written in language within the comprehension of the children who compose the higher classes of our Common Schools.

Harper's Writing-Books, with Marginal Drawing-Lessons. $2 00 per dozen.

Six Numbers, comprising the full Common-School Course, now ready.

These books supply a want which has long been seriously felt—the need of some method of teaching Drawing in Common Schools, at a low cost, and without the need of a special teacher.

Harper's School and Family Slate, with accompanying Cards, containing over Two Hundred Lessons in Writing, Printing, Drawing, and Arithmetic. $9 00 per dozen.

This is not a mere toy, but is carefully arranged for use in Primary Schools, and forms an excellent and practical introduction to any series of Writing and Drawing Books.

Willson and Calkins's Charts, Colored. Sheets, $11 70; Mounted, $18 00; Atlas Form, $20 00. Manual, $1 50.

These Charts are designed, in connection with the accompanying MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION by Marcius Willson, and the "Primary Object Lessons" by N. A. Calkins, to furnish the teacher with the requisite aids for the practical application of a true system of Elementary Instruction. In the six Reading Charts the type is sufficiently large to be easily read at a distance of twenty feet. These Charts will be furnished either separately or in full sets, either mounted or in sheets. When mounted, two are on a card of the size of each chart, about 22 by 30 inches. The sheets are mailable; the mounted charts can be sent only by express or as freight.

Hooker's Child's Book of Nature, in Three Parts: Part I. Plants; Part II. Animals; Part III. Air, Water, Light, Heat, &c. Per Part, 90 cents. The Three Parts bound in One Volume, $2 00.

In this little book the author's object is to supply the parent and teacher with the means of introducing the child into three departments of Natural Science, viz., Botany, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy. The lessons are simply, correctly, and entertainingly written, within the comprehension of ordinary children, and are intended to prepare the pupil to take up the author's higher books.

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Catalogue of School and College Text-Books sent on request. Full Descriptive Catalogue sent on receipt of Five Cents to cover postage.*

WHAT THE GERMAN DEMOCRATS HAVE DONE ABOUT IT.

Ladies!! USE PERSIAN SPRAY WHICH MAKES The Complexion BEAUTIFUL.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

THE EASIEST WAY IS BEST.

To send fire and sword through the bowels of the land would be scarcely more cruel than it is to tear and wreck the delicate and sensitive membranes and tissues of the discharging organs with a convulsing purgative. No medicinal preparation at present known so completely, permanently, and painlessly relieves constipation as

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT;

and as it simultaneously invigorates the digestion, regulates the action of the liver, and refreshes the debilitated system, it is justly esteemed both by medical men and the public at large as an indispensable specific in dyspepsia, bilious attacks, sick headache, physical prostration, and all complaints affecting the secretive, assimilating, and discharging organs.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WALTHAM **WATCHES,** from $14 to $400. **New Watch for Boys, and Railroad Timekeeper,** now ready. Send for our new Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, *forwarded free to any address*, giving latest reduction in prices, to H. O. FORD & CO., 84 Tremont St. Boston. Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Mention Harper's.

1,700,000 ACRES IN IOWA!

180,000 Acres in Nebraska!!

THE

R. R. Land Companies

Of Iowa and Nebraska

OFFER THE ABOVE LANDS TO SETTLERS, at **$3** to **$10** per acre, on time at six per cent., or for cash. These Companies have determined to have their lands settled at the earliest possible day, in order to increase the business of their Railroads, which are now all completed, and therefore offer the BEST LANDS, in the BEST STATES, at the LOWEST PRICES. We sell

Land Exploring Tickets

at our Offices in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and at No. 1 La Salle St., Chicago. Railroad fares west of those places REFUNDED to holders of exploring tickets who purchase 80 acres or more. Large Reduction of R. R. fare to colonies, or parties of 25, or more. Colored Maps, showing all the lands in both States, sent for 20 cents. Pamphlets and County maps sent FREE, to all parts of the world. Apply to

W. W. WALKER,
Vice Pres't, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

MANN'S NEW TROLLING SPOON,

For catching Pike, Pickerel, Bass, Trout, &c. By mail, 75c. A liberal discount by the Dozen. Patent applied for. JOHN H. MANN, Syracuse, N. Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS, STEREOPTICONS, &c.

For the parlor, private entertainments, and public exhibitions. *Best-paying business out.* Send for a catalogue, containing 30 Illustrations and 123 pages.
W. MITCHELL M'ALLISTER,
728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

HULL NY TOILET

TOILET SOAP.
Finest Quality,
Agreeable Odor,
Moderate Cost.
J. C. HULL'S SON,
New York.

BOOKS Back Numbers of *Harper's Magazine* bought. Big price paid. Books of all kinds bought. Address LEARY'S BOOKSTORE, Philadelphia, Pa.

POLLAK & SON,
Manufacturers of
Genuine MEERSCHAUM GOODS.
Ambers, Repairing and Boiling.
Retail Store, **27 John St., middle of the block.**
Send for Circular.

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO-FORTES.

THE BEST PIANOS AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
And Upon the Most Favorable Terms of Payment.

We invite the attention of persons intending to purchase Pianos to our New Illustrated Catalogue, giving full descriptions of Styles and Prices, and the terms on which we sell to those desiring to make

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

CHICKERING & SONS,
11 EAST 14th STREET, N. Y.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER

Is rapidly superseding all other preparations for producing *Elegant, Sweet* and *Wholesome ROLLS, BISCUITS, BREAD, Buckwheat* and other *Griddle Cakes. Perfectly Pure* and *Reliable*, and *always ready* for *immediate use.* The *CHEAPEST Baking Powder in the WORLD*, and it *WILL KEEP ON LAND OR SEA, in any climate, for years.* It is well adapted to the use of *Housekeepers, Miners, Mariners, Emigrants, &c.*, and is in fact, in *every respect, the BEST YEAST POWDER* made *"for the Kitchen, the Camp, the Galley."*

SOLD BY GROCERS & DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
Manufactured by DOOLEY & BROTHER,
69 NEW STREET, NEW-YORK.

WICKES' ECLECTIC OIL
Is Pure, Safe, Sweet, and Economical.
J. H. WICKES,
120 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

GETTING UP CLUBS.

Great Saving to Consumers.

Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 VESEY STREET,
P. O. Box 5643. NEW YORK.

The illuminating power of one gallon
PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL
IS EQUAL TO 39 LBS. ORDINARY TALLOW CANDLES.
The safest, best, and cheapest, but not lowest priced.
Oil House of CHARLES PRATT,
Established 1770.] **108 Fulton St., N. Y.**

FUNDING FIVE-TWENTY BONDS.

OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH, No. 5 NASSAU ST.,
NEW YORK, *September* 4, 1871.

The Government have notified the holders of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF FIVE-TWENTY BONDS that they will be paid in Gold; and after December 1st the interest will cease. All holders of the issues of 1862, 1864, 1865, and new 1865's, should at once decide whether they will hold, and take the gold when called on; or convert into new Government 5's, 4½'s, and 4's; or *exchange for other securities.* As it is possible the premium on gold may soon be much less, on account of these heavy payments, it clearly becomes the duty of all holders of Five-Twenties to take the matter into serious consideration.

We are strongly recommending in exchange the six per cent. Gold Bonds (principal and interest) of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, now selling at 93 and interest, of which we have only some $5,000,000 still unsold. The total amount of the loan is $15,000,000. The Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds are issued in denominations of $1000, $500, and $100, coupon and registered; interest Six per cent., May and November; principal and interest payable in New York City, in U. S. gold coin.

We also furnish the Western Pacific Sixes at the market price, now about 95. The Western Pacific Bonds are all Coupon Bonds of $1000; interest Six per cent., January and July; principal and interest payable in New York City, in U. S. gold coin.

Also, the Central Pacific Sixes, at the market price, now about 102½. The Central Pacific Bonds are all Coupon Bonds of $1000; interest Six per cent., January and July; principal and interest payable in New York City, in U. S. gold coin.

The Central Pacifics, amounting to $25,885,000, are in sharp demand for the home and German markets, and any amount can be sold as readily as so many Five-Twenty Bonds; they are freely dealt in at all the prominent Stock Exchanges in the world, and will soon advance to a large premium; that the same result will follow with the Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds, on the completion of the road, we have no doubt.

Holders of Five-Twenties, by conversion into Centrals, retain the same interest and increase their capital about 13 per cent.; by converting into the Westerns the increase will be about 19 per cent.; into the Chesapeake and Ohios the increase will be about 20 per cent.

Holders of Centrals can exchange for Westerns or Chesapeake and Ohios, and increase their capital from 6 to 7 per cent., and in either case have a bond just as sure to be paid, principal and interest, as a Five-Twenty Bond.

As the amount of Chesapeake and Ohios remaining unsold is so small, and the demand very great, they will soon be absorbed. There are very few Centrals and Westerns on the market, and they will soon largely advance in price.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers, and others received, on which we allow four per cent. interest.

Certificates of deposit issued and collections made in all parts of the Unior.

HARVEY FISK.
A. S. HATCH.
FISK & HATCH.

GREAT BARGAINS.

Waltham Watches.

All styles, sizes, and descriptions of these fine timepieces, in gold and silver cases, made specially to our own order, and sold at lowest prices.

BISHOP & REIN,
JEWELERS and SILVERSMITHS,
Under Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

SHIRTS.
J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York.

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

DARLING SELF-SUPPLYING PENHOLDER.

Not a fountain Pen, but a simple Holder filled by Atmospheric pressure. **Writes 2000 words at a dip. Used with any pen.** Sent prepaid for 50 cts.; Nickel plated, $1 00. Clubs of Six, $2 00. Address W. A. COOK, 6 State St., N. Y.
One of the Best of its kind.—*Scientific American*, N. Y.

ACCIDENTS. Insure in the **TRAVELERS** of Hartford.

ASPHALT ROOFING FELT.

A well-tested article of good thickness and durability, suitable for steep or flat roofs. Can be applied by an ordinary mechanic or handy laborer. For full particulars, apply to E. H. MARTIN, 70 Maiden Lane and 9 Liberty Street, N. Y. P. O. Box 4784.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL **ARCHITECT.**

1000 Working Drawings, $12, postpaid.
GEO. E. WOODWARD,
Publisher, 191 Broadway, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue of all books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, and the Horse.

First Premiums awarded by Amer. Institute, 1870.

Magic Lanterns, Stereopticons, & *Dissolving-View Apparatus*, for Public Exhibitions, Sunday-Schools, &c. Illustrated Priced Catalogues, with list of several thousand elegantly colored views illustrating Art, Science, History, Religion, &c., sent free.
T. H. MCALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

"GUANACO" UMBRELLAS.
TRY ONE.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

If your hair is falling out, or growing thin, use one bottle

DR. KENNEDY'S HAIR TEA,

a purely vegetable Hair Dressing. Sold every where.

WANTED—AGENTS (**$20 per day**), to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the *"lock stitch"* (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed.* The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, PAPER, TRACING CLOTH, &c. Send 2 3c. stamps for our catalogue. A. J. BICKNELL & CO., 27 Warren St., New York.

MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

"Of late years it has become almost impossible to get any Cod-Liver Oil that patients can digest, owing to the objectionable mode of procuring and preparing the livers. * * * MÖLLER, of Christiania, Norway, prepares an oil which is perfectly pure, and in every respect all that can be wished."—*Dr. L. A. Sayre*, before Academy of Medicine. (See *Medical Record*, December, 1869, p. 447.)

Fill your Gas Machines in the Fall with the best quality of

GASOLINE

to avoid trouble in cold weather. For sale by
J. H. WICKES, 120 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

WHY WALTHAM WATCHES ARE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Because, being made of the best materials, and every part being finished in the most perfect manner, they will run with great precision, and will not stop or run irregular, as is the case with other Watches.

We desire to increase the sale of these reliable timepieces, and have reduced the prices much lower than formerly.

Silver Hunting Watches, - - - - - - - - - $15
Gold Hunting Watches (18-carat cases), $75
Gold Hunting Watches (Ladies' size), - $60

We send single Watches to any place by express, with the bill to collect on delivery, and we give the purchaser the privilege of opening the package and examining the Watch before paying, and if, after it is taken and paid for, it should not prove satisfactory, we will exchange it or

Refund the Money.

We have sent thousands of these Watches by express, and to every section of the country, and by our improved method of packing they will go safely to any distance. Persons living in the distant States and Territories can save from 50 to 100 per cent. by buying from us.

Do not order a Watch till you have sent for our Descriptive PRICE-LIST. It explains the different kinds, gives weight and quality of the Cases, with prices of each.

When you write for a price-list please state that you saw this in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Address, in full,

HOWARD & CO.,
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,
No. 865 Broadway, New York.

CARBOLIC SALVE (HEALING C.S. COMPOUND)

Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box.
JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor,
No. 8 College Place, New York.

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA,
with the *Green-Tea Flavor.* Warranted to suit all tastes. *For sale every where.* And for sale wholesale only by the **Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.,** 8 Church St., N. Y. P. O. Box 5506.
Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM makes a lady of 25 look as if she were but 18. It removes Moth-patches, Ring-marks, Sallowness, etc., and in a few weeks changes the rustic face into one of culture and refinement. Then dress your hair with Lyon's Kathairon, and the two attractions—the complexion and the hair—are perfect.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

BUILDERS and all who contemplate building, supplied with descriptive circular of "Village Builder." Address A. J. BICKNELL & CO., Publishers, 27 Warren St., N. Y.

$290 For first-class Pianos—Sent on trial—No Ag'ts. Address U. S. PIANO CO., 865 B'dway, N. Y.

FARMING IN THE GREAT WEST.

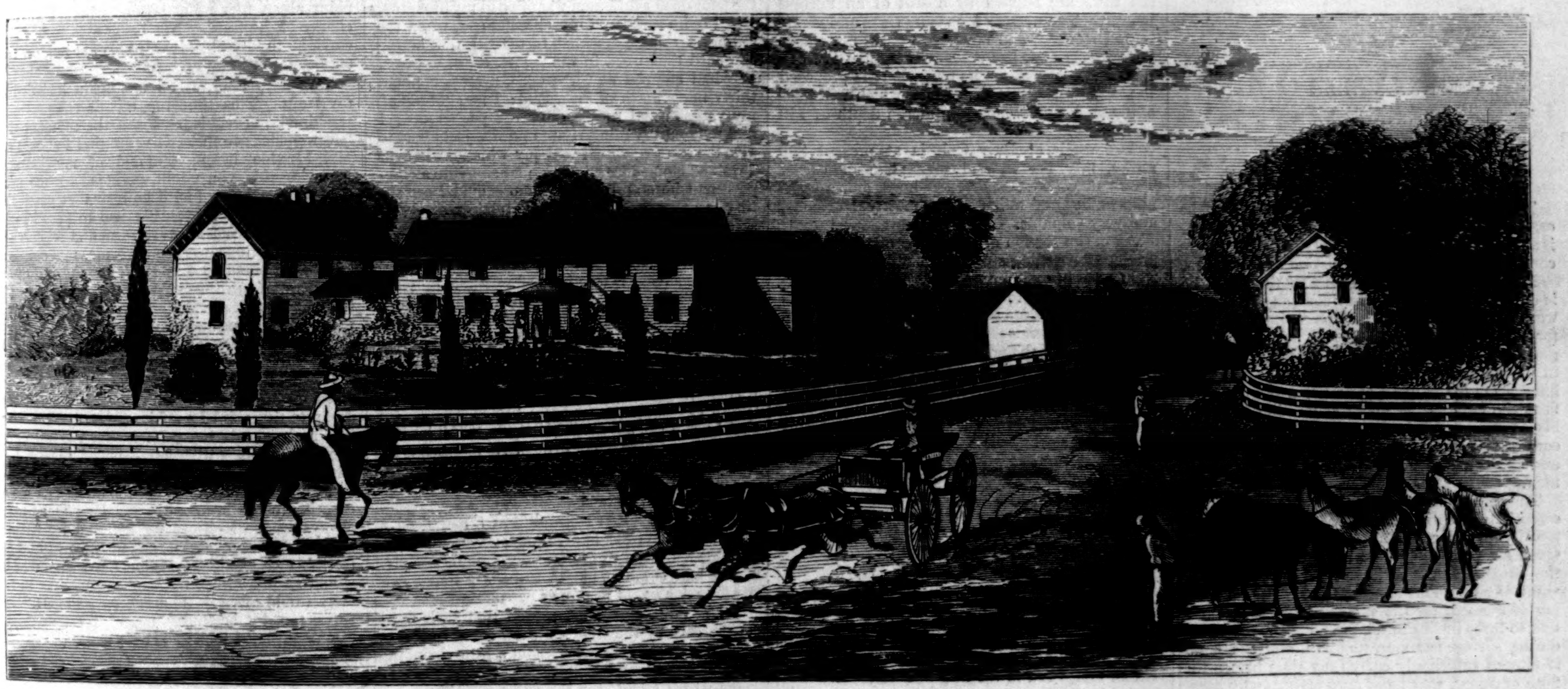
PEOPLE who have never visited the great West, and in whose eyes a farm of two or three hundred acres is large, have very little conception of the magnificent scale on which farming operations are carried on in the regions of the prairie country. For their enlightenment we give in this number of the *Weekly* a series of sketches, some of which will be found on pages 900 and 901, of Burr Oak, the great farm of Illinois, and probably without a rival in the world. Located in Ford and Livingston counties, it lies, in a direct line to St. Louis, a distance of 100 miles from Chicago.

Twenty years since, its owner, M. L. SULLIVANT, entered this and other lands from government at an average price of $1 25 per acre. His determination seemed to be to keep himself "land poor," as the Western phrase is, until the disposal of surplus acres at a great and natural profit should give him the necessary funds to operate successfully a large farm.

In 1868, just previous to his location on Burr Oak, Mr. SULLIVANT visited his native place, in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio. In response to inquiry after his welfare and prospects he said that he had run down from nearly 100,000 to 40,000, mentioning in a joking way, as one of his losses, the Broadlands farm of 20,000 acres, which he had sold to Mr. ALEXANDER for a quarter of a million dollars. (Broadlands is to-day valued at more than $600,000.) In 1868 Mr. SULLIVANT commenced work on Burr Oak with 1000 acres of corn. In the following year 5000 were put in; in 1870, 9000 acres. At the present writing he has upward of 11,000 acres of corn, which promise an average of fully forty-five bushels to the acre. Besides this there are quite 5000 acres of other crops under cultivation.

These statements in figures give but a vague idea of the vast green oceans of growing grain under the bright prairie skies; but fancy a continuous crib of twelve feet in width, filled with ears of corn to the height of eight feet, nearly if not quite five miles in length, and you will then have the dimensions of Mr. SULLIVANT'S corn crop for the present year.

M. L. SULLIVANT, ESQ., THE GREAT FARMER.



THE HOMESTEAD—"BURR OAK."

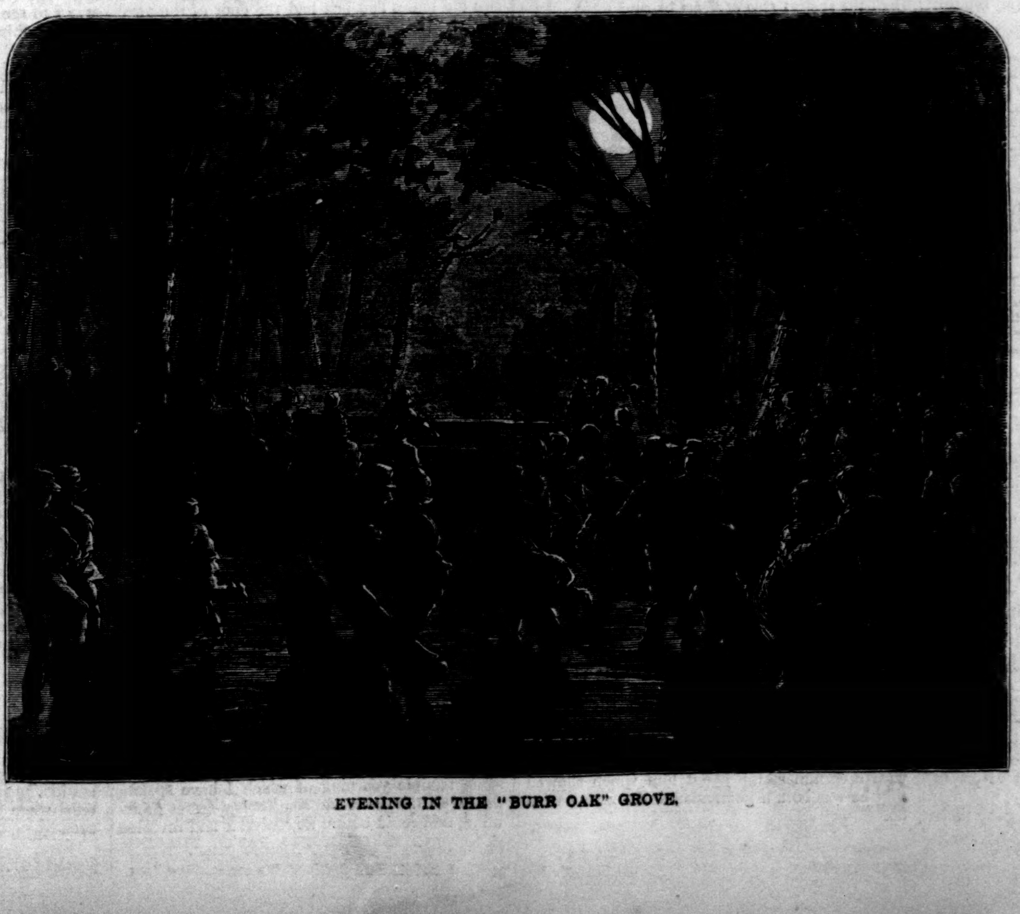
But this is a comparatively small part of the work done at Burr Oak during the past four years. The estate embraces exactly sixty-five square miles—over 40,000 acres. The land, which is rolling, in some places quite broken, is in the form of a square, and has been crossed and recrossed by wide avenues hedged on either side with the Osage orange. Three hundred miles of hedge have been set out, six miles of board fence built for cattle and stock, and 150 miles of ditching (the ditches are seven feet wide, and average nearly two feet in depth) have been done to drain the wet places; numerous corn cribs, farm buildings, shops for various work; and a vast amount of work of all descriptions, in which a new place abounds.

Besides this, Mr. SULLIVANT has been an earnest worker for the advancement of Illinois, in which he takes considerable pride. Numerous railroad enterprises have been advanced by means of his sturdy support, and no actual settler has been refused counsel and advice in the selection of land, and oftentimes aid of a different description has been extended. In his great knowledge of land—both as to its lay, and the quality of the earth for the growth of different crops—Mr. SULLIVANT has it in his power to render a positive and needed aid to the farmer, who may be almost ruined by the loss of a single crop. He believes persistent labor, directed by fair judgment, will enable any man to follow out HORACE GREELEY'S advice—*i. e.*, move West and prosper.

His farm-work is perfectly systematized. Burr Oak is a bee-hive, with no drones, and the accounts show where each day's work has been done, whether it is by man or beast. His purchases are invariably made in large quantities. For instance, fifty plows, fifty cultivators, etc. This enables him to make terms of the most favorable character. The hands, mostly Swedes and Germans, are engaged about the 1st of April, and are expected to stay until the 1st of January. Two hundred and fifty men are required at present to work the farm. These, with the exception of a few who bring their own teams and work by contract, are assigned to the different farms and gangs. Mr. SULLIVANT is the commander-in-chief, Mr. J. M. MINER his brigadier; next twelve captains, each with three lieutenants, each lieutenant having charge of a squad of men, and immediately responsible to the captain or head of the farm for their work.

Besides the organized farm gangs, there is a considerable force constantly employed in carpenter and mason work; a regular blacksmith's shop, with its four or five smiths; men constantly busy in the repair of machinery; the harness-shop, wagon-shop, painters. In the fall of the year Mr. SULLIVANT finds it necessary to detail a certain number of men as gunners to kill or drive away the innumerable flocks of wild geese and ducks which would otherwise destroy thousands of bushels of grain. In speaking of this, he says: "I tried at first to equalize the thing by planting a few hundred more acres, but my feathered boarders forced me to drain some of the lakes and ponds before I could get them to come in more reasonable force." To return to the work of the farm.

The captains report each evening to Mr. SULLIVANT, and deliver their pass-books to Mr. TAYLOR, the book-keeper and paymaster, who takes the record and returns the books. Meanwhile the captains are gathered about Mr. SULLIVANT, answering questions and receiving his orders.



EVENING IN THE "BURR OAK" GROVE.

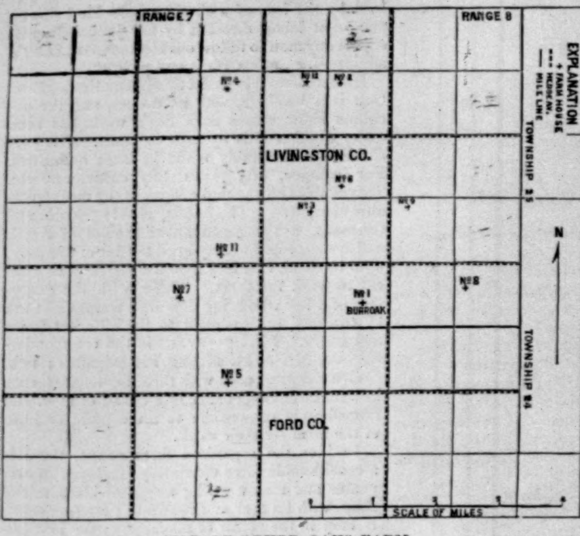
It may be well to state here that there is no field of Burr Oak with the condition of which Mr. SULLIVANT does not seem to be perfectly familiar, and generally from personal observation; and he has an able second in Mr. MINER, a bright-eyed, sun-bronzed Ohioan of not more than thirty-two years. He detects a defect in a piece of harness, in a bolt of a cultivator, or a half-done piece of work, the instant his eye falls upon it. With his light buggy and quick-stepping pair of mules he travels many miles each day, visiting such points as his chief directs—Mr. SULLIVANT, meanwhile, taking observations in an opposite quarter.

Thus it will be seen that the captains' reports at evening to Mr. SULLIVANT, in MINER'S presence, are not made to parties uninformed.

Mr. SULLIVANT has, however, selected his men with care, and the evening report seems to a stranger more a friendly chat than any thing else.

The work required from the men is ten hours per day; a noon-time of two hours gives a mid-day rest to the men and stock.

At the close of the day the hands from the different farms assemble at the dancing-floor in the fine grove of burr and oaks from which the farm is named. The fiddlers and accordion players furnish the music, and a right merry time is en-



MAP OF "BURR OAK" FARM.

joyed by men who, as Mr. SULLIVANT suggests, might find themselves in mischief with trifling exertion. The Swedish girls of Burr Oak are dancers of no mean rank, if endurance may be taken into consideration. Mr. SULLIVANT and his family are frequent and thoroughly welcome spectators of the dance. The social condition of Burr Oak is capital. Fighting, drunkenness, and other nuisances are of too seldom occurrence to mention.

There is not space here to give a complete monthly report, but a synopsis, and a few of the leading items, will serve to explain the system.

	Men.	Horses.	Oxen.
May, 1871	4979¾	7060	1987

DAY'S WORK.

	Men.	Horses.
Overseeing generally	45	90
Errands and chores	31	58
Harness-shop	8	.....
Water hauling	27½	27½
Stables	191	160
Blacksmith's shop	114	.....
Kitchens	273	.....
Implements and machinery	82	1
Nursery	79½	18
Hedges	383½	214½

This is but a fragment of the list, but it will be easily seen that with such a system Mr. SULLIVANT is able to keep himself thoroughly posted as to the condition of his farm and situation of his affairs.

Mr. SULLIVANT has a pet theory that what he is doing may be done by any company of earnest working-men who may combine capital and labor for mutual advantage. He is not a man of grasping disposition, but great-hearted and broad in his views, as his great work shows on every hand. On his return from a trip away from his farm the men gather about at evening to await his arrival, and welcome him in a genuine and earnest way that tells of more than usual feeling, and shows a pleasing relation of a man and his men.

The regular farm-work of Burr Oak, which is essentially a corn farm, is the breaking of raw prairie, planting, cultivating, and harvesting. Oxen are principally used in breaking, and with the breaking-plow a furrow twenty inches in width is cut. This appears to be merely a turning of the sod, for the furrow is but two and a half to three inches in depth. This work is done during spring, summer, and fall, and the land, if plowed sufficiently early (any time before the 20th of June), may be at once planted with corn, which is not cultivated or worked in any way until it is harvested. The yield will average twenty bushels to the acre, which will pay an interest on the land at Illinois Central Railroad prices, the expense of work, and a profit besides. This estimate is made after a fair investigation, and rating the breaking at $2 75 per acre, which is full price, and the planting and seed at twenty-five cents per acre. A bushel of corn will fully plant eight acres of land. A man and team will plant twelve and a half acres, and run the furrows to a guiding stake. A heavier crop may be taken from land on which the breaking-plow is followed by a stirring-plow, and a furrow four inches deep is cut, the earth being thrown over the sod-plowing. This is summer or fall work. In the spring following this land is harrowed, planted, and cultivated in the same manner as old land. The crop abundantly repays the outlay. Old ground is plowed from the 1st of April until the 10th of June. With a steel plow and horses or mules, two and a quarter acres is a fair day's work. A man and four yoke of oxen will harrow, with gang-harrows, from twenty-five to thirty acres per diem. The cultivation is done entirely by machinery, and very completely, the number of times the crop is gone over depending on the condition of the ground—generally from three to four. Some idea of this cultivation of corn by machinery may be gathered from the mention that in one single field the writer saw no less than 123 cultivators, each worked by one man and two mules or horses. Scattered about at convenient points were boys with low trucks or wagons, on which were casks filled with water, to be used for drinking purposes by the workers. Burr Oak is a temperance farm—whisky being used only for snake bites; even then its owner is doubtful whether the whisky will not injure the man more than the snake bite. The work of cultivation finished, the crop is said to be laid up, and breaking, ditching, and other farm-work is in order until the harvest, at which time the men are told off in squads composed of two gangs of six to a gang. A boss, two wagons, and four horses are allotted to each squad. A gang takes five rows of corn, and an average of fifty bushels of corn is cribbed for every man's day's work. The cribs are long wooden sheds of sixty-four feet length, twelve feet width, and twelve feet height, with the roof slooping four feet. They are set in couples at favorable points, and crib three thousand bushels each. When a shipment of grain is to be made, power shellers are set to work between the cribs. Trains are contracted for through to New York, thus avoiding two or three commissions, as well as elevator risks and charges—in all a saving of nearly the cost of producing the grain. The corn is bright yellow, and brings in the market a good price.

The machinery in use at Burr Oak would handsomely stock two or three agricultural implement stores: 150 steel plows, of different styles; 75 breaking-plows; 142 cultivators, of several descriptions; 45 corn-planters; 25 gang-harrows, etc. The ditching-plow, a huge affair of eighteen feet in length, with a share of eleven feet by two feet ten inches, is worked by sixty-eight oxen and eight men. These finish from three to three and a half miles of excellent ditch each day of work. The oldest hedges (Osage orange) are but three years' growth, but now stand full seven feet high, and much of it is pig-tight. Even here machinery is called in, and the rows are clipped by a sort of an upright mower. The nursery for young trees and plants is well stocked, and many years will not elapse before Burr Oak has other groves than the one from which it derives its name. It is proposed to presently sink artesian wells, which will generally strike the water-vein at the depth of 140 or 150 feet.

The stock of Burr Oak is at present 350 mules, fifty horses, and fifty yoke of cattle. There may be 1000 or 1200 hogs, and a magnificent herd of milch cows, mostly Durhams, and very valuable.

An entire section of land is devoted to raising produce for feeding stock and hands. There are 2500 acres of tame grass, which will cut an average of a ton and a half to the acre; besides this much wild grass is cut.

Mr. SULLIVANT'S present home, an exceedingly comfortable though rambling structure, was built piecemeal, and is considered as only temporary by the owner, who is purposing to build a comfortable rather than a pretentious house on rising ground in about the geographical centre of the farm.

THE ONE CERTAINTY.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

VANITY of vanities, the Preacher saith,
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Can not be filled with what they see and hear.
Like early dew, or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and fear:
So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of death.
To-day is still the same as yesterday,
To-morrow also even as one of them;
And there is nothing new under the sun:
Until the ancient race of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold, and twilight gray.

B 88.

I WAS on duty as head-guard of the up north train when what I am about to tell you took place. It happened one wet and stormy autumn evening just about dusk. How well I remember the time! My journey for the day was over, and the train was just drawing up to the platform at Park End Station—Park End is a very busy place now, as I dare say you are aware, and it was a busy place even then—when I heard a sudden sharp cry of "Man down!" from some of the porters. The very same moment, as it seemed, my van, which was at the tail end of the train, gave a strange sort of jolt, as though the wheels had been lifted off the metals and had gone over something soft. I turned cold from head to foot, and, letting go the handle of my brake, was out of my van in a couple of seconds. There the poor fellow was, sure enough, lying about a yard away from the hindmost wheels, a heap of clothes and broken bones. In attempting to get out before the train had come to a stand-still, he had slipped down between the carriages and the platform. One carriage and my heavy brake-van had gone over him. I was the first man that leaped down on to the line to lift him up. We got him on to the platform as tenderly as we could; a ring of porters, guards, and passengers formed round us. A couple of lanterns held aloft lighted up the ghastly scene. He whom I held in my arms was a man between fifty and sixty years old; his sandy hair and his sandy beard were fast turning gray. He had a sharp foxy-looking face, like that of a man keen at a bargain, and well able to take care of his own interests. He was plainly dressed in black and gray, but with a certain stamp about him which showed that he was both a gentleman and a man well to do.

Poor fellow! he was very near his end. He had given utterance to no cry when he first fell, and one or two low moans were all that now told his agony. His lips moved as though he wanted to speak to me, but only a faint murmur came from them. I bent my ear close to his mouth, but even then I could not make out what he wanted to say. He groaned and shut his eyes, and I thought he was gone; but in a moment or two his eyes opened, and again he tried to speak, but in vain. Then, for about as long a time as it would take me to count twenty, his gaze met mine with an expression in it of such yearning anxiety and terrible despair as I have never seen since, and hope never to see again. Then a sudden spasm crossed his face, changing its whole expression; he flung one arm out quickly, his head fell back, and he was dead.

A stretcher was brought, on which the body was carried to the dead-house at the hospital, there to await the inquest. The dead man had no luggage with him, except a small black bag; but there were papers about him sufficient to prove his identity. His name was Muxloe, and he lived in London. He was a bachelor, and had chambers in the Temple; and his business, as far as I could make out, seemed a sort of cross between that of a lawyer and a money-lender. After the inquest, at which I was called as one of the chief witnesses, the body was claimed by the relatives, and I thought that I had seen and heard the last of Mr. Muxloe.

I went about my work as usual, but I could not get out of my memory that look of terrible despair which had flashed from the dead man's eyes into mine during that last minute of his life. It haunted me by day and it haunted me by night, when I was at work and when I was asleep. Do what I would, I could not get that ghastly face, with its strange yearning gaze, out of my mind. Poor as I was, I would have given much to know what it was that Mr. Muxloe was so despairingly anxious to tell me.

A month or more passed away, and although the poor dead gentleman was often in my thoughts, I had quite recovered my cheerfulness, when the strangest thing happened to me. I was acting as guard that week to the 9 A.M. down express. We had stopped at Claywoods, a station about thirty miles north of Park End; I had got out of my van as usual to see after the passengers; I had made every thing right, and was just about to give the starting-signal with my whistle, when, as I walked alongside the train, glancing into a compartment here and there, whom should I see sitting in one of the carriages, as plainly as ever I saw any thing in my life, but the dead man, Mr. Muxloe!

You might have knocked me down with a feather, as the saying is. My blood turned cold to see in his eyes that same strange look of which I have already spoken. It was a look that went through me, and chilled my heart with horror. How I contrived to give the signal for the train to start and got back into my van, I never knew; but we had got half a dozen of miles from Claywoods before I seemed to come to my proper senses. All that I could do, as soon as I was fit to think more calmly, was to doubt the evidence of my own eyes. I was an utter disbeliever in ghosts or apparitions of any kind. I would not believe that I had seen any thing out of the common way in the present case; I chose rather to think that I had been a victim to some freak of my imagination—that Mr. Muxloe had been so much in my thoughts of late, that I had come at length to believe that I saw Mr. Muxloe again in proper person.

I had quite persuaded myself that such must be the case by the time we drew up at our next station; still, it was not without a little shrinking of the nerves that I walked quickly past the carriage where I had seen the ghost, or whatever it was. There was no ghost there now—and I laughed a little spiteful laugh to myself. In fact, two old ladies had just had the door of the very compartment opened for them, and were being thrust in with their boxes and bundles. I saw the old ladies comfortably seated, and shut the door on them myself; and as I did so, I unthinkingly read off the number of the carriage in which they had taken their places—that number was B 88.

There seemed to me a familiar ring about the words B 88, and I kept repeating them over to myself after the train was fairly under way again, puzzling my memory to think where I had heard them before. At last it all flashed across my mind: B 88 was the number of the carriage from which Mr. Muxloe was in the act of alighting when he missed his footing and fell! The number had been brought up among other evidence at the inquest, and had there impressed itself on my memory. There was something odd about the affair that I didn't half like; perhaps the apparition was my death-token, and had been sent to warn me. For the remainder of that day my thoughts were far from comfortable.

Next day I was ordered away in charge of a special, and I did not go out any more that week with the 9 A.M. express. The week following it was my turn to go out with the 9.15 P.M. mail; it was a train that, as a rule, carried very few passengers. White Ash was one of the stations, and at it we stopped for three minutes to pick up and set down post-office bags. We were just on the point of starting again, and I had just taken my usual look along the length of the train to see that every thing was secure, when—as you will already have guessed—I was again startled by seeing the ghost of Mr. Muxloe sitting all alone in the middle compartment of a first-class carriage. That carriage was the hateful B 88!

The light from the roof shone down full and clear on the dead man's face: it was stony and expressionless, except for the vivid light in those deep-set eyes, which gazed into mine with that same terrible yearning of which I have spoken before, as though it had some dread secret on its mind, and could obtain no rest till it had revealed it to me. I was still looking—breathless, spell-bound—and I seemed to have been looking for minutes instead of seconds, when it slowly uplifted a lean forefinger and beckoned me to go to it. This was more than I could bear; I fainted clean away on the platform. When I came to myself, the train had been sent forward in charge of another guard, and I was lying in one of the waiting-rooms, where the station-master and his daughter had been doing their best to bring me round.

Well, my nerves were so upset that it was almost a week before I was fit to go on duty again. I had plenty of time, while sitting at home, to turn the whole affair over and over in my mind. I came to the conclusion that it was very likely I should see Mr. Muxloe again—perhaps often again. But, arguing from all I had heard and read about ghosts, they had no power given them to harm one; all they could do was to appear unexpectedly at strange times and places, and so make themselves as unpleasant as possible. The upshot of it was that, having made up my mind that I should see Mr. Muxloe again, I tried to so nerve myself as to be able to look on him without being overmuch afraid.

After I got to work again, you may be sure that I looked carefully, before starting on each journey, to see whether that confounded B 88 formed part of my train. I had got an idea that I should never see Mr. Muxloe except in connection with that particular carriage, and, as the event proved, I was right.

The first time that I found B 88 made up as part of my train was about five days after my recovery. There it was, one morning when I went on duty, staring at me as brazen as you please. I seemed to pick it out instinctively from all the other carriages. I won't say that my heart didn't flutter a little when I first marked it. I kept my eye on it, and was not a little pleased to see a gentleman and his two sons get into it about two minutes before starting. A glance at their tickets showed me that they had booked through to a point about fifty miles beyond where I gave up charge of the train. Not being able to have the carriage to himself, Mr. Muxloe did not, on that occasion, put in an appearance.

Two days later, B 88 was again included in my train. This time the middle compartment remained unoccupied. From the moment that fact was clear to me, I felt sure that I should see Mr. Muxloe before the end of my journey. Knowing this, you might, perhaps, ask me what need there was for me to go near that particular carriage at all—or, even if I had to pass it, why I could not keep my eyes turned another way. If such questions were put to me, my only answer would be, that I couldn't for the life of me keep away from the carriage. As often as the train came to a stand my feet seemed to drag me past it against my will, and then my eyes would turn and look, whether I wished them or not. Well, I did see Mr. Muxloe several times before the end of that journey. We stopped at four stations—the train was an express one—and four separate times did I see him. But if I had seen him a thousand times, I felt that I could never become familiar with him—never regard him with any thing but a mixed feeling of the deepest awe and aversion—a feeling too intense for me to describe to you in any words. He seemed to be always on the look-out for me, and for nobody else. The moment I came in sight of him his terrible eyes would meet mine, and then my heart would shrink within me, and every nerve in my body would quiver with dread unspeakable. Always, too, he beckoned me with his long lean forefinger, but I took good care never to obey the summons.

I don't want to trouble you with too many details. It is enough to say that every time I took out B 88 as a part of my train, and every time the middle compartment was unoccupied, so sure was I to see the ghost of Mr. Muxloe. You see, it was a thing I dared not talk about, for fear the Company should say that a man who was in the habit of seeing ghosts was not fit to be guard of a train, and should send me about my business in consequence. I did, however, talk about the ghost once or twice to my wife, and got called a fool for my pains. But what else could a married man expect? Wives, as a rule, don't like other people to call their husbands fools, but they don't object to make use of that objectionable little word themselves.

Well, Sir, time went on, and my life almost became a burden to me. I was a haunted man, and I had no means of getting rid of my tormentor. I went off my feed. I no longer enjoyed my dinners as I had been used to do. My evening pipe no longer soothed me. I began to go more into company, and to frequent the bar parlor of an evening oftener than was good for me. You see, I could not bear the company of my own thoughts. I never liked to sit by myself after dark. Even my sleep was broken, and disturbed with dreams of that terrible ghost.

It was soon after Mr. Muxloe first began to trouble me in this way that I made up my mind to ascertain whether he could be seen by any one besides myself. One day, when he had traveled with me all the way from Park End to the end of my journey, and we had drawn up for the collection of tickets, says I to one of the collectors, who had passed *his* compartment as though it were empty, and having my eye on the ghost all the time—says I, "Bill, you have forgotten to collect that old gent's ticket in the middle compartment of B 88."

"Have I?" says Bill, and with that he goes back and opens the door of B 88. "Why, you duffer, the compartment's empty," says he next moment, giving the door an extra bang.

"Empty, is it?" says I, innocent like. "Ah! now I recollect, the old gent got out at the last station." But the dread that was upon me deepened when I found that the apparition could be seen by no one but myself.

Four, or it may be five, months had gone by from the date of Mr. Muxloe's death, when my health broke down—so much so, that I was ordered away for a month to my native air. Change of air and rest, the doctor said, would probably make a man of me again. I had not given him the least hint as to the real cause of my illness; I was afraid I should only be laughed at for my pains.

Well, I went away down north, and there I picked up appetite and strength wonderfully. Mr. M. never troubled me once; indeed, I had not expected that he would do so, B 88 being far away from me. So it fell out that by the end of my holiday I had grown so strong and hearty as almost to be able to laugh at myself as a whimsical fool who had allowed himself to be frightened by a shadow. I fully made up my mind that rather than let myself get into such a low nervous way again, I would give up my situation as guard, and set up in some other line of life. So the end of my holiday came, and I started back home one cold frosty afternoon in early springtime, looking forward with pleasure to seeing my old woman and the two lads again, and wondering how my mates at the station had been getting on while I had been away.

It was eight o'clock, and had long been dark, when I reached Carnhope Junction—that is, the junction with our own line, a place eighty miles from Park End. The guard who had charge of the train from Carnhope was an old mate of mine. For the first twenty miles I traveled with him in his brake, and we had a quiet smoke and a chat together. Then, feeling inclined for a snooze, I left him and got into an empty second-class compartment. Here I wrapped myself well up, and was asleep in three minutes. I must have slept for about an hour, when I awoke with a start, and could not make out for a minute or two where I was. I was still rubbing my eyes, and looking round with a gape, when I saw something that brought me to my senses with a shock, as if I had been suddenly thrust overhead in ice-cold water—inside the door of the carriage in which I was sitting was marked up the fatal number B 88!

All the feelings and fears which I had flattered myself had vanished forever came back in a rush as I read over the number to myself in a frightened whisper. The thought that B 88 would form part of the train in which I should travel back home after my holidays had never entered into my calculations. I had never thought to look at the carriages before getting into the train at Carnhope Junction, and, in consequence of this neglect, a strange fate had led me into the very place of all others where I would least have wished to be. B 88 was a composite carriage—that is to say, the middle compartment was a first-class one, while the two end compartments were second-class. It was in one of these latter compartments that I was now sitting. The middle first-class compartment was the one haunted by the ghost of Mr. Muxloe.

I hardly know how to describe to you the feeling that now took possession of me. It was neither more nor less than an intense longing to leave the compartment in which I was sitting and make my way, by means of the foot-board outside the carriage, as far as the window of the next compartment, then peep in, and see whether the ghost were already there waiting for me. I tried to fight against this insane desire—I did fight against it with all my strength, but in vain. There was some power within me that I found it impossible to resist. I was like a man walking in his sleep, whose actions are beyond his own control—except that I knew quite well what I was about, and in all respects but one was as collected, and as much in my proper senses, as ever I had been in my life.

I could not stop to argue with myself; I could not stop to reflect. The impulse that was upon me grew stronger with every moment's delay. I had opened the carriage door and was out on the foot-board, with the cold night air blowing keenly around me, almost before I knew that I had stirred from my seat. We were going along at a tidy pace—about thirty miles an hour—but I had no fears as to my safety—I had passed along the foot-boards when the trains were at full speed too often for that.

Very few steps brought me close to the window of the middle compartment. The window was open, and I could see every thing inside as plainly as I can now see you who are sitting beside me. There was only one passenger in the compartment—Muxloe.

Yes; there he sat, with his dreadful eyes staring straight into mine—looking bluer, colder, more ghost-like than ever. Then his long lean forefinger was slowly raised, beckoning me to enter. All power of resistance had been taken from me. Slowly I opened the door, and slowly I got inside—never taking my eyes from off his for a moment—then I shut the door behind me, and sat down opposite to him. The night was a cold one, but I was strong and hearty, and had scarcely felt it; but the moment I sat down opposite the ghost, I became conscious of a coldness far exceeding any that I had ever experienced before. I became chilled to the very marrow. The air of the compartment seemed as though it had swept over a thousand icebergs. My hair seemed to lift, and my whiskers to crisp and tangle, with the intense cold; and I found afterward that my watch had stopped at the very moment of my entering the carriage. I sat down and waited for what might happen next.

My companion's hand had gone down on to his knee when I opened the carriage door. He now sat opposite to me, neither stirring nor speaking, doing nothing, in fact, but gaze with mournful intensity straight into my very soul. The cold grew more extreme, if such a thing were possible. A numbness that had begun with my feet was now creeping slowly up my body; I could feel it creep and spread little by little, stealing gradually upward to my heart, and slowly freezing the life out of me. I had no power to move a muscle; I sat like a man turned to stone. At length the cold touched my heart, or seemed to do so. A death-like faintness crept over me. The light in the roof grew dimmer; the figure opposite me lost its sharpness of outline, becoming faded and indistinct. But through every thing I could feel those piercing eyes fixed immovably on mine, till at length life itself seemed to be rubbed slowly and softly out, and I knew nothing more.

I knew nothing more—that is, till I came to my senses in a dream, and, strange to say, I knew from the first moment that my dream was nothing more than a dream. I found myself in an old-fashioned, oak-paneled room, which, years gone by, had evidently been a state apartment in some aristocratic mansion. It was now, however, furnished in a spare and meagre manner with a few articles of commonplace furniture. In the huge fire-place, the sides of which were inlaid with blue and white Dutch tiles, a few dying cinders had been raked carefully together. It was night, for the wide window-place was curtained, and the large room was dimly lighted by a couple of candles, each of them held by a griffin's claw in bronze, that protruded from the wall, one on each side of the chimney-piece. But all these were details that I seemed to feel rather than to see. My attention was at once concentrated on the occupants of the room—two in number. One of them was a young man about five-and-twenty years old, with sandy hair and beard, and a keen foxy-looking face—none other, in fact, than Mr. Muxloe himself as he must have appeared when a young man. The other inmate of the room was a man both younger and handsomer than Mr. Muxloe, but he was at that moment lying dead across the hearth, with ghastly face and wide-staring eyes, and with a ragged wound in his forehead. Close by the dead man lay a heavy riding-whip. Mr. Muxloe was down on one knee, with one hand clasped tightly in the other, gazing with a sort of frenzied horror at the terrible piece of work before him. It was a look that has come back to me in my dreams many a time since then. "My friend—the only friend I ever had," I heard him mutter, "and yet I, of all men, must be his murderer!" He pressed his hands to his eyes, and great sobs shook him from head to foot. After a time he grew calmer, and then he rose sadly to his feet. "There is no help for it," he said; "I can not face the world—I dare not risk the gallows."

He went out, but returned presently with a spade, a pickaxe, and one or two other implements from the garden. Then he turned back the faded carpet, and proceeded with workmanlike dexterity to take up a portion of the oaken flooring. In the ground thus exposed to view he dug a deep and narrow trench, throwing up the earth on to the boards as he did so. It was a work that took some time, and long before he had done it, great beads of sweat rolled down his haggard face. But they fell unheeded, and he never ceased digging till the hole was to his mind. Then he got out of it, and rested for a little while. But presently he was up and examining the contents of a dusty old box that lay neglected in one corner of the room. From this box he produced a sheet of parchment, and, going to a table on which stood pen and ink, he proceeded slowly, and with much deliberation, to write out a statement, which, having finished, he signed and dated. Next, from a cupboard he brought a small tin canister. As soon as the writing was dry, he folded the parchment, and shut it up in the canister. Next, from the same cupboard he brought a large traveling-cloak, which he proceeded to spread out at the bottom of the trench. Then, but not without some inward shrinking, as I could see, he went up to the body and raised it in his arms; but, before placing it in the hole he had dug, he kissed it tenderly on the forehead twice. "Oh, Arthur! Oh, my friend," he murmured, "if by the sacrifice of my life I could bring back a smile to those white lips, I swear to Heaven that I would gladly die this minute. To think that I should make a murderer of myself for any woman's sake—least of all, for her!"

In three minutes more the body was in the rude grave that had been dug to receive it, the canister and the riding-whip had been laid beside it, some folds of the traveling-cloak had been thrown over the whole, and Mr. Muxloe, spade in hand, was standing with anguished face, gazing his last on the man whom his fierce passions had blotted so suddenly out of existence.

I saw no more. I think it must have been the loud whistling of the engine as we shot into Fell Side tunnel that awoke me so suddenly. Anyhow, at this point I did awake, and found myself still sitting in the middle compartment of B 88, but with no Mr. Muxloe opposite to me—I was alone. My limbs were so numbed and stiff with cold that for a few minutes I seemed to have no use in them. Gradually some warmth crept back into my veins, and as soon as I felt that my strength and nerve were equal to the task, I made the best of my way back to my own compartment. We were but five miles from Park End by this time. A few minutes later I was on the platform with the old woman and the youngsters, all shaking me by the hand at once. It is almost worth one's while to leave home for a time, just to see how pleased the missis and the bairns are to get one back again.

I said nothing to any body about what I had seen and gone through in B 88. I kept it shut up close in my own mind, but I could not help thinking it all over at least twenty times a day. That scene in the oak-paneled room was so deeply impressed on my memory, that, after all these years, I can recall every feature of it as clearly as if it had happened but yesterday. Had it been a scene in real life, I should doubtless have half forgotten it years ago; but the surrounding circumstances were so strange, and out of the common way, that, if I should live to be a hundred, it would all be as fresh in my memory as it was the morning after it happened.

A week came and went without my seeing or hearing any thing more of Mr. Muxloe. One evening, as I was going off duty, I was met and stopped by a gentleman dressed all in black.

"Can you tell me," said he, "whether your Company has a guard of the name of Preston in its employ?"

"My name is John Preston, at your service, Sir," answered I.

"Then you are probably the man I want," said he. "My name is Keppel, and I am a nephew of the Mr. Muxloe who was so unfortunately killed at this station about six months ago. I was out of England at the time, and was obliged to depend on a brief newspaper report for the details of the occurrence. I am greatly desirous of having full particulars from some one who was on the spot at the time. If you be the man I take you for, it was you who lifted up my uncle from the spot where he fell, and it was in your arms that he died."

"I am the man you mean, Sir; and to any information I can give you, you are quite welcome."

"Then here is my address; and if you will come to my house for an hour this evening, you shall have no cause to regret having obliged me." I promised to be at his house by nine o'clock; and with that we parted.

I was there to my time. The house was in the outskirts of the town, and stood in its own grounds. It was too dark for me to see much of the outside, but the moment I got in-doors I saw that the whole place was very old. I was admitted by a servant, who, after telling me that Mr. Keppel would be down in two or three minutes, threw open a side-door, and showed me into a long, low, old-fashioned room—into no other room, in fact, than the oak-paneled room of my dream! I knew it again in a moment, although it was now furnished very differently, and I sank into a chair all of a tremble. Yes, there was the very oak-paneling, with its quaint, zigzag, carved pattern; there the wide old fire-place, inlaid with blue and white Dutch tiles; there the huge window-place, in which half a dozen people might have sat with comfort. I recognized them all.

I could not describe to you the cold, sickening feeling that crept over me as I looked round. Had that grewsome tragedy, as seen by me in my dream, ever been really enacted in that room? Did the murdered man's bones still lie uncoffined under the boards of that old floor? I shuddered like a frightened child as I put these questions to myself.

Fortunately, I had time to pull myself together a bit before Mr. Keppel came into the room. He was very kind and affable, and had the decanters and a cold fowl brought out before ever he asked me a question. Just then I could not eat, but a stiff tumbler of brandy and water helped me to get my nerve back again. After that Mr. Keppel began to question me, and I gave him a full, true, and particular account of all the circumstances, so far as I knew them, in connection with his uncle's death. He was greatly interested. But when I had got through every thing that he wanted to know, and he had nothing farther to ask me, I plucked up heart of grace, and determined to tell him how Mr. Muxloe had appeared to me several times since his death, and of my strange dream in B 88.

I never saw any one more astonished than Mr. Keppel was by the time I had finished my story. For a little while he seemed almost too overcome to speak. At last he said: "If what you say be true—and I have no reason to doubt your word—it apparently points to one of those mysteries which seem purposely sent now and then as if to baffle the utmost exercise of human reason. This house, which now belongs to me, was certainly my uncle's property for a great number of years. Although he lived for the most part in London, he used to come down here for one or two days almost every month, ostensibly for the sake of the excellent fishing with which the neighborhood abounds. He would never let the house, although he might have had tenants by the score. One old woman had the sole charge of it when he was away, and waited upon him when he was here. There is one fact in connection with my uncle's residence here which seems in some measure to bear out the most singular point of your narrative: this very room in which we are sitting—in which, according to your account, a dreadful tragedy took place many years ago—was never, so long as I can remember, made use of by my uncle. It was always kept locked and shuttered; and often as I was here during my uncle's lifetime, I never saw inside the door of this room till after his death. Enough, however, for the present. I must have time to think this strange story of yours carefully over. Come and see me at eight the evening after to-morrow, if you have no better engagement."

Punctual to the time, I was there. I was shown into the oak-paneled room. There I found Mr. Keppel, two gentlemen, and Donald the gardener.

"I have told these two gentlemen, who are particular friends of mine," said Mr. Keppel, "all that you told me the other evening. We have consulted together, and have decided, not without hesitation, to investigate the matter, so far as it is in our power to do so after so great a lapse of time. As a matter of course, our first step is to ascertain whether any one has been buried in the way described by you under the flooring of this room. Donald here, who is discretion itself, will proceed to make the necessary search. Be good enough to point out the exact spot, as nearly as you can remember it, where you saw the body put away."

I had no difficulty in doing this—every thing was fixed too clearly in my memory for that. So Donald set to work under my directions. I took off my coat, and gave him a helping hand, while the three gentlemen looked quietly on. I need not trouble you with details. It will be sufficient to say that before long we came upon a skeleton, intermixed with some fragments of clothing and some rusted jewelry. Near at hand were the remains of what had at one time been a riding-whip, loaded with lead, while no great distance away was the rusted tin canister which I felt certain from the first that we should not fail to find.

Mr. Keppel opened the canister, and drew from it a strip of parchment. We all crowded round the table. After glancing through the paper himself, he proceeded to read aloud what was there written. This is what was written:

"PARK END, *November* 9, 18—; 11 P.M.

"I, John Muxloe, of the Inner Temple, barrister at law, having this night done a deed which, if made public, would in all probability bring me to the gallows, hereby solemnly depose to the truth of the under-mentioned facts:

"At nine o'clock this evening, being at that time busy over my law-books, I was disturbed by a knock at the front-door. My servant having left me to attend the death-bed of her mother, I was constrained to open the door myself. The person who knocked was my friend, Arthur Clevedon, the dearest friend I had on earth. He had his riding-boots on, and was splashed with mud. In one hand he carried a heavy whip. He walked past me without a word of greeting into the oak-paneled room, and I followed, wondering what could possibly be the matter with him. His first words to me were: 'John Muxloe, you are an infernal villain!' I was thunderstruck.

"'Those are very hard words, Arthur,' I said. 'You must be either crazy or drunk.'

"'Neither one nor the other,' he answered. 'I repeat that you are an infernal villain, and I have come here to horsewhip you.'

"I laughed a little scornfully. 'It is possible for two people to play at that game, *amigo mio*,' I said. He was poising his riding-whip in his hand, and his eyes looked as if they would burn me through. 'Arthur my friend,' I said, suddenly softening, 'what is it?—what is the meaning of these hard words? As true as there is a heaven above us, I do not understand you!'

"'Liar and scoundrel, you understand me but too well!' he answered. Then he gave vent to a wild torrent of words, in which he accused me of having surreptitiously stolen away the affections of a certain lady, whose name need not be mentioned here, I being aware at the same time that her troth had already been plighted in secret to him. Never was there a more unfounded accusation! It is true that the lady had promised to become mine, but—and I swear it here most solemnly—I had not the remotest idea that Arthur Clevedon had ever been any thing more to her than an ordinary friend. She had deceived him and hoodwinked me, for what purpose was known to her own false heart alone. All this I tried to tell Arthur, but he would not hear me. Once again he called me a liar, and as he did so he lashed me across the face with his whip. With a cry of rage, I sprang at his throat. I know scarcely any thing of what followed till I saw him lying dead at my feet, with the blood streaming from a great wound in his forehead. I had smitten him down with his own heavy whip.

"All this happened but one short hour ago, but what an hour has that been to me! and what other terrible hours has the future in store for me! But I dare not look forward. Another thing I dare not do: I dare not let the world know the deed I have this night done. My story would never be believed. They would say I had murdered him; they would hang me! No; I must keep my own counsel; I must lock up the secret forever in my own breast. I have dug a hole under the flooring of this room in which to dispose of the body. By its side I shall place this document, so that in case this night's dark deed should ever be brought to light in time to come, all dispute and inquiry may be obviated. Should it ever be brought to light during my lifetime, I shall have but one resource. I should kill myself.

"Oh, Arthur! dearest friend that ever man had, how I— But I can write no more for tears. My eyes are blinded, my heart weeps tears of blood. In that world beyond the grave where all that is dark here is made clearer than day, we may perhaps meet again. Then will thy hand clasp mine in friendship as of old—only it will be a friendship that will last forever. Then wilt thou know how innocent I was of wronging thee in thought, word, or deed. Till that time shall come—farewell! JOHN MUXLOE."

The reading of this strange document filled every one present with horror and surprise. It was of course considered a confirmation of the statement I had made to Mr. Keppel. Nothing more was done that night. Mr. Keppel said he must have time to consider what steps it would be most advisable to take under such peculiar circumstances.

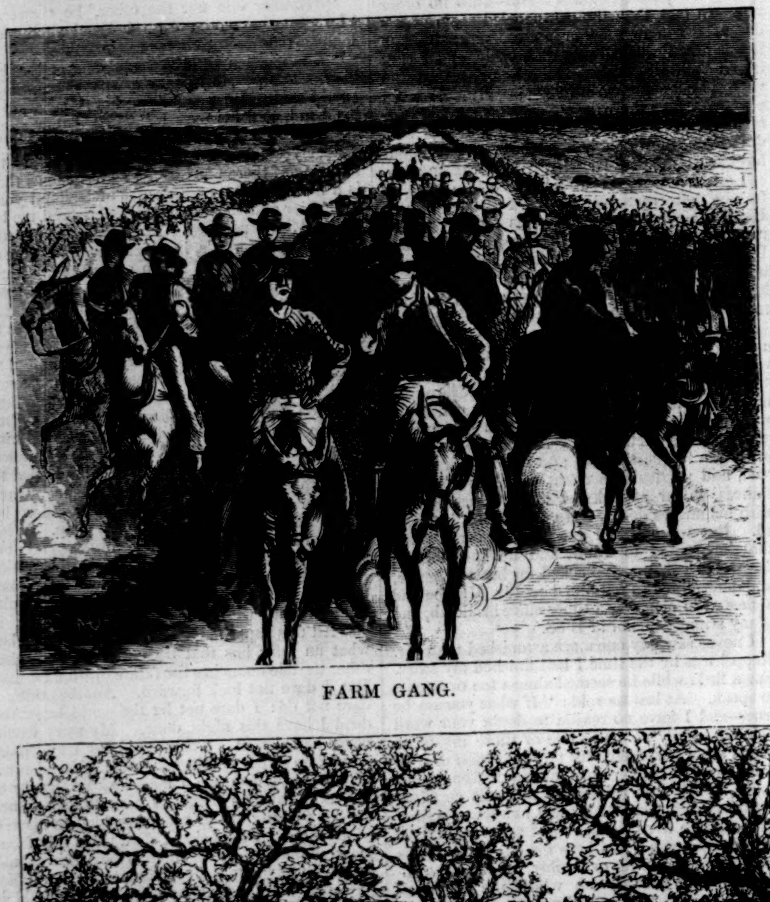
The result may be stated in very few words. The bones were taken up, placed in a coffin, and interred with the customary solemnities in consecrated ground. The world was never told that it had been discovered whose bones they were, but I think it not unlikely that Mr. Keppel made some private communication to the friends of Mr. Clevedon. But be that as it may, the affair was quietly hushed up, and the real facts of the case never spread beyond a very limited circle.

I need scarcely add that Mr. Muxloe never troubled me again; but, on the other hand, Mr. Keppel did not lose sight of me. He has been a good friend to me in twenty different ways between then and now.

And so ends this full, true, and particular account of the only ghost I ever saw, or wish to see, till the time comes when I shall be a ghost myself.

PLANTING CORN.

A OW.



FARM GANG.

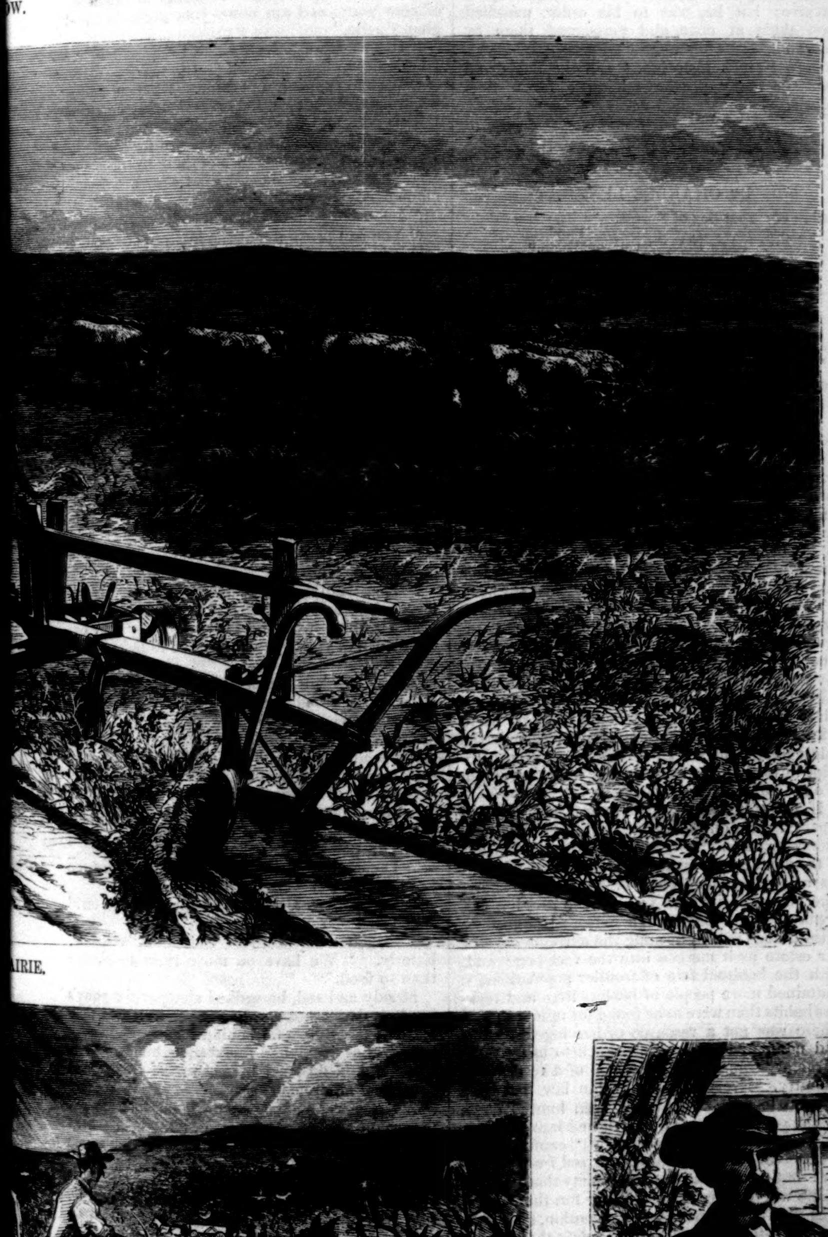
BRE AIR

SUNDAY IN "BURR OAK" GROVE.

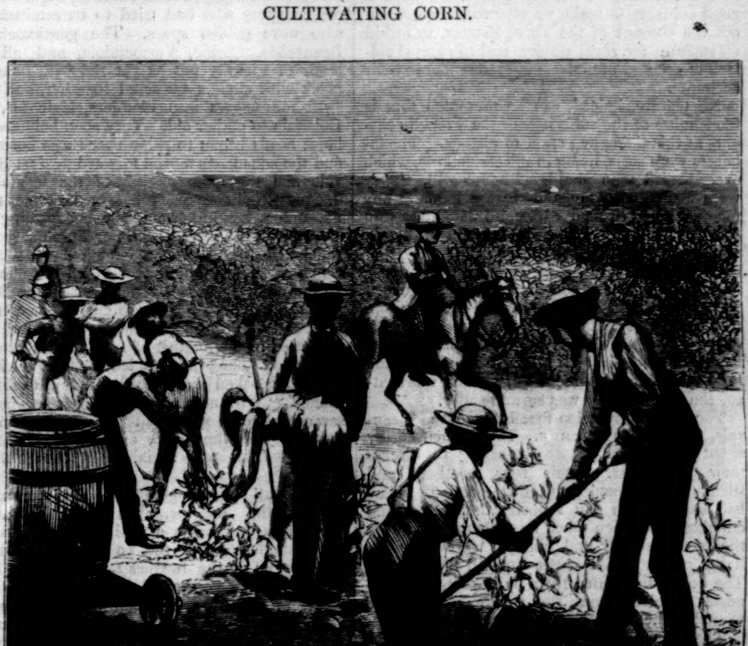
FARMING IN THE GREAT WEST—THE "BURR OAK" FARM, ILLINOIS, C TY

OW.

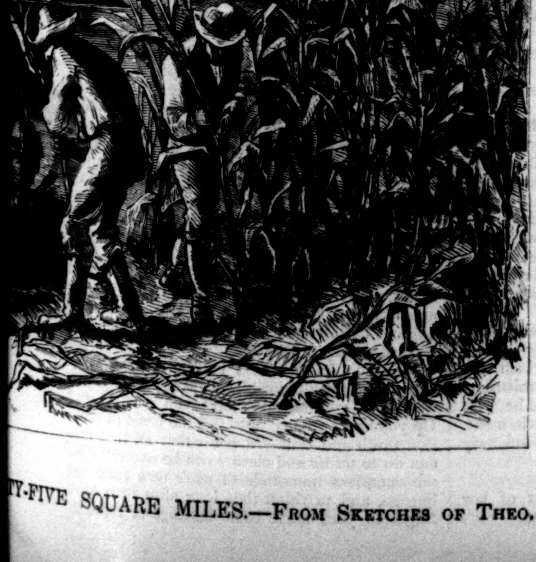
CULTIVATING CORN.

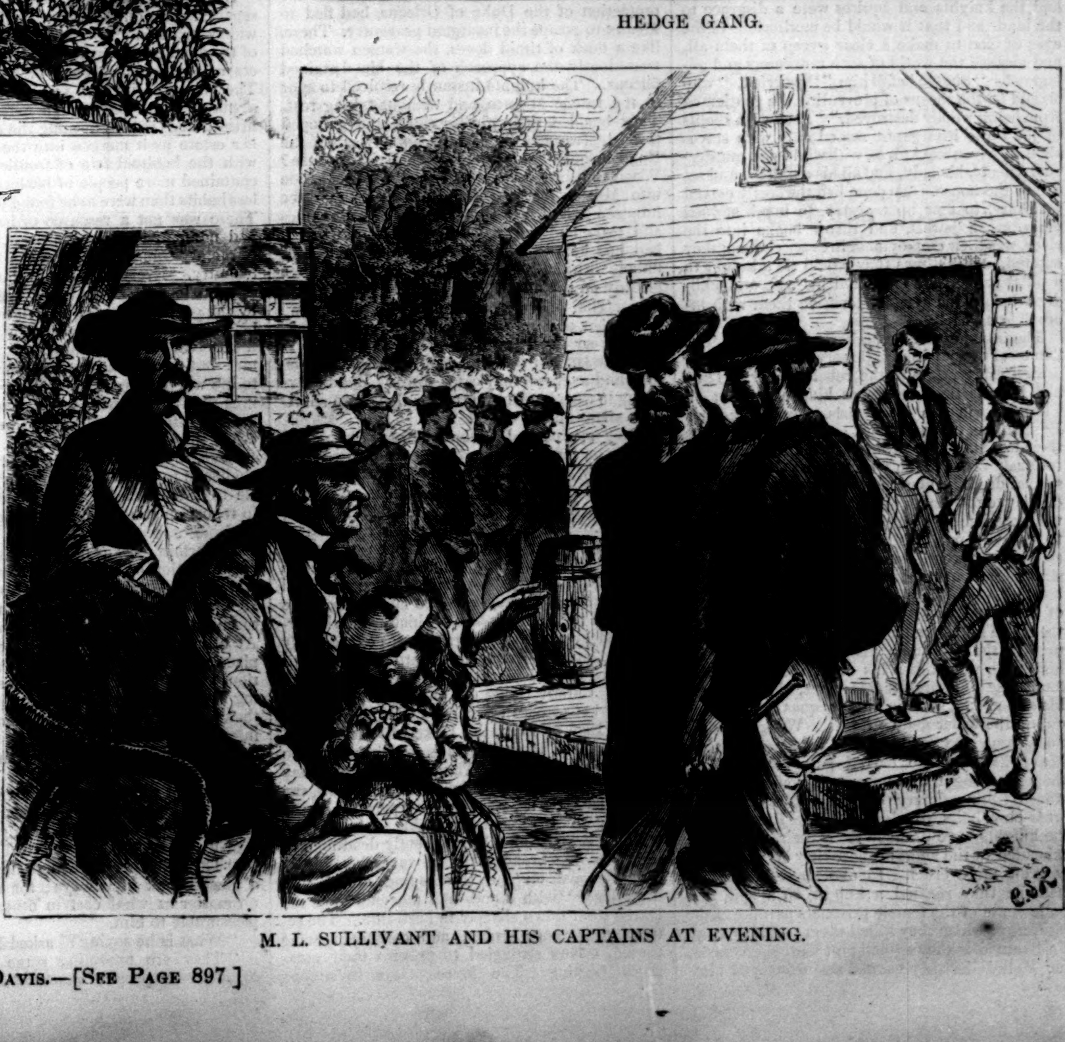


AIRIE.



HEDGE GANG.





M. L. SULLIVANT AND HIS CAPTAINS AT EVENING.

TY-FIVE SQUARE MILES.—FROM SKETCHES OF THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 897.]

JACQUES BONHOMME.

IN 1358, two years after the English victory at Poitiers, the French peasants were suffering the most incredible miseries. English and French armies alternately plundered the smiling vineyards and fair fields of France. Whether the château escaped or not, the cottage was sure to suffer. The French king was a prisoner in England; greedy nobles became the autocrats of the provinces. Moreover, besides the English archers and the French cross-bowmen, gangs of disbanded soldiers overran the land, robbing and murdering wherever they could force a way. The life of these thieves was spent in planning ambuscades, and surprising castles and fortified towns. The peasant, whether plodding patient at the plow, in his boat, with his sheep, or in the market-place, was equally the prey of these wretches. The motto on the banner of one of the leaders of these robbers—"The friend of God, and enemy of all mankind"—indicates pretty clearly that the only law that bound such men was Rob Roy's simple old rule,

"That they should take who had the power,
And they should keep who can."

The Estates that met in Paris in 1357 refused to supply the Dauphin with money till he had promised to remedy the following evils under which they were then groaning, an enumeration of which gives some sense of the boundless misery of those times. He swore to appropriate no money consecrated to the public good, to refuse letters of pardon to men guilty of atrocious crimes, to no longer sell or farm out the offices of justice, to seek out and punish prevarications in the chamber of accounts, to re-establish a good coinage, to make no alteration in it without the consent of the Three Estates, to forbid all seizures for royal service, and to compel collectors accused of malversation to render in their accounts.

No picture, indeed, can be presented that is too sombre of the sufferings of the French peasants at this unhappy period of history. The laborers were serfs, living in miserable huts, which every armed man plundered at his will. They were loaded with taxes, and were liable at any moment to have their wives and daughters torn from them by the mounted banditti who fought under the French or the English flag. Their lives were spent in ceaseless labor from which they did not profit, and to resist their masters was only to incur the penalty of long imprisonment or violent death. To-day the French knights seized their oxen for King John; to-morrow the English knights carried off their sheep for King Edward. Whoever conquered, whoever was beaten, the poor peasant was sure to suffer.

The wild insurrection first broke out at Beauvais, a town in Picardy. It commenced by about a hundred peasants meeting to discuss their grievances. Their sons, brothers, and friends were groaning in castle prisons. They had been beaten and robbed; their wives and daughters had been taken from them; they were the most debased and unhappy serfs possible, living only to drive cattle and till the ground. The nobles tormented them by imposts, the burgesses despised them, the soldiers robbed and wounded them.

These men of Beauvais, these rude churls, with their dusty feet fresh from the mill and the plow, had sworn to have a savage and reckless revenge. They argued that the nobles of France and the knights and squires were a disgrace to the land, and that it would be meritorious in the eyes of God to make a clear sweep of them all, and cleanse the world of such murderers and pillagers! "Shame befall him," they cried, "who should be the means of preventing the gentlemen from being wholly destroyed." Then with shouts of joy these insurgents, armed only with staves shod with iron and knives, with wild cries, murdered a knight, his lady, and all his children, and set fire to the house. To demolish the costly carved furniture, to tear up tapestry, to break stained glass, crush jewels, and throw books into the river, was their employment in every château they entered. Sometimes they would tie a knight to a pillar while they murdered his wife and children before his eyes, or tortured them with incredible barbarity.

The inundation rose higher and higher. The flames of every fresh castle served as a beacon to draw fresh recruits to the rebel banner. They had by this time chosen as king a peasant of Clermont, in the Beauvaisis, named Jacques Bonhomme, the most cruel and merciless among their bands. This savage we find moving mysteriously through the whole war, performing no special deeds, a mere name of terror, but still no doubt the real leader of the movement—a strong-willed, relentless, red-handed murderer, driven to ferocious madness by we know not what cruelties and oppressions. The Jacques were now six thousand in number, and wherever they went, burning, plundering, and committing every form of diabolical wickedness, more peasants joined them. The plowman left his plow on their approach, the fisherman his nets, the blacksmith his forge, the milker his milk, the weaver his loom, the vine-dresser his vines, the shepherd his sheep, and, shouting for Jacques Bonhomme, on, on the wider deluge rolled. Wherever these men came the castles broke into flame; their heavy hammers no barred gate could resist; their headlong attack no arrows could stop; no stones from military engines, no cannon, no cross-bow bolts repulsed them. Every where the knights were dragged from their castles and beheaded in the sight of those they loved. Cruelty grew more cruel. In one almost incredible instance they roasted a knight on a spit, and made some of the female prisoners partake of the flesh, after which they killed them. All through the Beauvaisis they spread; at Corbie, Amiens, and Montdidier they burned and destroyed altogether about sixty good houses and strong castles. In the bishoprics of Noyon, Laon, and Soissons they destroyed upward of a hundred castles and good houses of knights and squires. From Brie and its neighborhood every lady, knight, and esquire that had the means of escape fled to Meaux, to preserve themselves from insult and murder. Into that town, high above the Marne, there crowded a frightened herd of houseless people, dreading every moment to hear the shouts of their fierce pursuers. There seemed no help possible from God or from man. Even chivalry was cowed, and bent its proud head. The Duchess of Normandy and the Duchess of Orleans were among the fugitives that were pent up like deer huddled together at the approach of wolves. In the counties between Paris, Noyon, and Soissons, and in all the territory of Coucy, there was the same panic and hopeless terror.

But the reaction soon came. The great seigneurs and knights and esquires of castles still untouched began to see that the earthquake was after all but partial. It was not quite the end of the world yet. Hell was not invading earth, as it had at first seemed. The Jacques were flesh and blood; they bled when the sword struck them and the lance pierced. Their leader was ruthless and determined, but he was no general or heaven-born conqueror. He merely led on these locusts to pasture after pasture. If a castle did resist, stones crushed these wretches, and boiling oil scalded them. They were often trodden under the feet of despairing and desperate men.

At last the knights took heart, the trumpets sounded, and the men in mail sprang on their horses and displayed their banners, eager to face the monsters who had tried to exterminate all who wore golden spurs. The gentlemen of Beauvaisis, Corbie, Vermandois, and all the lands of Picardy not as yet red with blood or black with cinders gathered together, and sent swift messengers into Flanders, Hainault, and Bohemia to gather aid. Very soon helmets and lance-heads began to shine over those horizons, and the squadrons moved forward against Beauvais and the close masses of the mysterious Jacques Bonhomme. Wherever they met these marauders, assailing castle gates or reveling outside burning houses, the eager knights rode at them with fury, and hewed them down without remorse. They hung the trees with their bodies. In one fight alone, near Clermont, in the Beauvaisis, the King of Navarre cut to pieces three thousand of the Jacques, whose army had now increased to the number of more than a hundred thousand. The prisoners, led bound to the king, and being asked the reason of their wickedness, replied, "We know not. We did it because we saw others do it; and we had hoped by this means to destroy all the nobles and gentlemen in the world." This was socialism of the primeval kind.

While all this was going on—the tide turning against the Jacques, who could not resist the charges of heavy-armed men—there came some sudden aid to the knights from friends who looked on the Jacques as mere scum, to be ridden down at once and without mercy. The Earl of Foix and the Captal of Buch, two gallant knights, were returning from a crusade against the heathen, when they heard at Cholons, to their passionate indignation, that the Duchess of Normandy, the Duchess of Orleans, and three hundred other ladies, under the protection of the Duke of Orleans, had fled to Meaux to escape the insurgent peasantry. There, like a flock of timid doves, the women watched tremulously the approach of the blood-stained falcons. The knights instantly resolved to spur to the rescue at once, and without taking rest. They buckled their girdles tight, and galloped toward Meaux. True, the Captal was on the English side; but what of that in such a cause? When the sixty lancers and their followers rode into Meaux, the two duchesses and the three hundred scared ladies received them with smiles and tears and cries of joy; for the murderers had just heard of the treasures at Meaux, and, united with the rebels at Valois and Paris, were already on the march, eager for cruelty and rapine. The Jacques were about nine thousand in number on starting, and their force augmented at every farm and lane-end they passed. A close mass of stalwart, intractable, savage swordsmen and axemen, they came toward Meaux, exulting in the plunder and revelry they were shortly to share and to enjoy.

They approached Meaux without suspicion, relying on their vast numbers, and on the terror excited by their untamable ferocity. They disdained all reconnoitring and the arts of regular warfare. Their only rule was to break in, burn, and kill. The town stood before them silent with terror. Pale men threw open the gates humbly to them; they entered. In a minute the streets as far as the market-place were full of these hungry savages. The ladies who were lodged in the market-place—which is nearly surrounded by the river Marne—were exceedingly terrified at the first rush toward them of this vast herd of wild beasts. But the knights were ready. Calmly riding out through the gate of the market-place, they came under the banners of the Earl of Foix, the Duke of Orleans, and the Captal of Buch, and arrayed themselves to guard the entrance. There, like statues, they sat on their chargers in their glittering mail, the chronicler tells us, waiting the approach of the shouting and screaming rabble. At last a trumpet signal woke the apparently dead men to life. In one broad, striking wave the knights bore forward on the threatening crowd, that drew back "with a crab-like movement" as the lances went down sharply in keen line. The retreat grew more broken and confused; some turned, others struggled to prevent their comrades turning. The lances clove in among them, the swords fell. The Jacques, taken by surprise, turned at last and fled. Upon the frightened wretches, trodden under foot or falling, the chargers dashed, striking with their hoofs at the bristling weapons. At the same time the men-at-arms of Meaux, rushing from behind their barriers, came at the flying men, and struck them down like sheep, driving them out of the town and into the river, or slaughtering them in heaps. In all there were slain of the misguided men that day upward of seven thousand, Froissart tells us, and not one would have escaped if the knights and esquires had not grown weary of killing.

But the men-at-arms had not finished the work of vengeance till they turned their horses' heads from Meaux, for they now set fire to the town, and burned all the Jacques they could find in it. The peasants never collected again in large masses after this disaster, and young Enguerrand de Coucy, who afterward married a daughter of Edward the Third, destroyed without mercy the wandering hordes of insurgents wherever he met them.

Jacques Bonhomme, the captain, being taken alive, was sent to the Dauphin, who, in cruel contempt for his having assumed the title of king, made the executioners crown the doomed man with the red-hot circle of a three-legged iron trivet, and after that Le Roi Jacques Bonhomme was straightway hanged. The residue of the Jacques sought the aid of the King of Navarre; but he, true to his order, marched upon them at once, and massacred them by thousands. "They almost all perished," says a modern French historian, "and the fields and plains of many provinces became for a time deserts."

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE EXCURSION.

THE little village of Cruhan-bawn, into which they now drove, was, in every detail of wretchedness, dirt, ruin, and desolation, intensely Irish. A small branch of the well-known bog-stream, the "Brusna," divided one part of the village from the other, and between these two settlements so separated there raged a most rancorous hatred and jealousy, and Cruhan-beg, as the smaller collection of hovels was called, detested Cruhan-bawn with an intensity of dislike that might have sufficed for a national antipathy, where race, language, and traditions had contributed their aids to the animosity.

There was, however, one real and valid reason for this inveterate jealousy. The inhabitants of Cruhan-beg—who lived, as they said themselves, "beyond the river," strenuously refused to pay any rent for their hovels; while "the cis-Brusnaites," as they may be termed, demeaned themselves to the condition of tenants in so far as to acknowledge the obligation of rent, though the oldest inhabitant vowed he had never seen a receipt in his life, nor had the very least conception of a gale-day.

If, therefore, actually, there was not much to separate them on the score of principle, they were widely apart in theory, and the sturdy denizens of the smaller village looked down upon the others as the ignoble slaves of a Saxon tyranny. The village in its entirety—for the division was a purely local and arbitrary one—belonged to Miss Betty O'Shea, forming the extreme edge of her estate as it merged into the vast bog; and, with the habitual fate of frontier populations, it contained more people of lawless lives and reckless habits than were to be found for miles around. There was not a resource of her ingenuity she had not employed for years back to bring these refractory subjects into the pale of a respectable tenantry. Every process of the law had been essayed in turn. They had been hunted down by the police, unroofed, and turned into the wide bog; their chattels had been "canted," and themselves—a last resource—cursed from the altar; but, with that strange tenacity that pertains to life where there is little to live for, these creatures survived all modes of persecution, and came back into their ruined hovels to defy the law and beard the Church, and went on living—in some strange, mysterious way of their own—an open challenge to all political economy, and a sore puzzle to *The Times* commissioner when he came to report on the condition of the cottier in Ireland.

At certain seasons of county excitement—such as an election or an unusually weighty assizes—it was not deemed perfectly safe to visit the village, and even the police would not have adventured on the step except with a responsible force. At other periods the most marked feature of the place would be that of utter vacuity and desolation. A single inhabitant here and there smoking listlessly at his door—a group of women, with their arms concealed beneath their aprons, crouching under a ruined wall, or a few ragged children, too miserable and dispirited even for play, would be all that would be seen.

At a spot where the stream was fordable for a horse, the page Larry had already stationed himself, and now walked into the river, which rose over his knees, to show the road to his mistress.

"The bailiffs is on them to-day," said he, with a gleeful look in his eye; for any excitement, no matter at what cost to others, was intensely pleasurable to him.

"What is he saying?" asked Nina.

"They are executing some process of law against these people," muttered Donogan. "It's an old story in Ireland; but I had as soon you had been spared the sight."

"Is it quite safe for yourself?" whispered she. "Is there not some danger in being seen here?"

"Oh, if I could but think that you cared—I mean ever so slightly," cried he, with fervor, "I'd call this moment of my danger the proudest of my life!"

Though declarations of this sort—more or less sincere as chance might make them—were things Nina was well used to, she could not help marking the impassioned manner of him who now spoke, and bent her eyes steadily on him.

"It is true," said he, as if answering the interrogation in her gaze. "A poor outcast as I am—a rebel—a felon—any thing you like to call me—the slightest show of your interest in me gives my life a value, and my hope a purpose I never knew till now."

"Such interest would be but ill-bestowed if it only served to heighten your danger. Are you known here?"

"He who has stood in the dock as I have is sure to be known by some one. Not that the people would betray me. There is poverty and misery enough in that wretched village, and yet there's not one so hungry or so ragged that he would hand me over to the law to make himself rich for life."

"Then what do you mean to do?" asked she, hurriedly.

"Walk boldly through the village at the head of your pony, as I am now—your guide to Croghan Castle."

"But we were to have stabled the beast here. I intended to have gone on foot to Croghan."

"Which you can not now. Do you know what English law is, lady?" cried he, fiercely. "This pony and this carriage, if they had shelter here, are confiscated to the landlord for his rent. It's little use to say *you* owe nothing to this owner of the soil: it's enough that they are found among the chattels of his debtors."

"I can not believe this is law."

"You can prove it—at the loss of your pony; and it is mercy and generous dealing when compared with half the enactments our rulers have devised for us. Follow me. I see the police have not yet come down. I will go on in front and ask the way to Croghan."

There was that sort of peril in the adventure now that stimulated Nina and excited her; and as they stoutly wended their way through the crowd, she was far from insensible to the looks of admiration that were bent on her from every side.

"What are they saying?" asked she; "I do not know their language."

"It is Irish," said he; "they are talking of your beauty."

"I should so like to follow their words!" said she, with the smile of one to whom such homage had ever its charm.

"That wild-looking fellow, that seemed to utter an imprecation, has just pronounced a fervent blessing; what he has said was, 'May every glance of your eye be a candle to light you to glory!'"

A half-insolent laugh at this conceit was all Nina's acknowledgment of it. Short greetings and good wishes were now rapidly exchanged between Donogan and the people, as the little party made their way through the crowd—the men standing bareheaded, and the women uttering words of admiration, some even crossing themselves piously, at sight of such loveliness as, to them, recalled the ideal of all beauty.

"The police are to be here at one o'clock," said Donogan, translating a phrase of one of the by-standers.

"And is there any thing for them so seize on?" asked she.

"No; but they can level the cabins," cried he, bitterly. "We have no more right to shelter than to food."

Moody and sad, he walked along at the pony's head, and did not speak another word till they had left the village far behind them.

Larry, as usual, had found something to interest him, and dropped behind in the village, and they were alone.

A passing countryman, to whom Donogan addressed a few words in Irish, told them that a short distance from Croghan they could stable the pony at a small "shebeen."

On reaching this, Nina, who seemed to have accepted Donogan's companionship without farther question, directed him to unpack the carriage and take out her easel and her drawing materials. "You'll have to carry these—fortunately not very far, though," said she, smiling; "and then you'll have to come back here and fetch this basket."

"It is a very proud slavery—command me how you will," muttered he, not without emotion.

"That," continued she, pointing to the basket, "contains my breakfast, and luncheon or dinner, and I invite you to be my guest."

"And I accept with rapture. Oh!" cried he, passionately, "what whispered to my heart this morning that this would be the happiest day of my life?"

"If so, fate has scarcely been generous to you." And her lip curled half-superciliously as she spoke.

"I'd not say that. I have lived amidst great hopes, many of them dashed, it is true, by disappointment; but who that has been cheered by glorious day-dreams has not tasted moments at least of exquisite bliss?"

"I don't know that I have much sympathy with political ambitions," said she, pettishly.

"Have you tasted—have you tried them? Do you know what it is to feel the heart of a nation throb and beat—to know that all that love can do to purify and elevate can be exercised for the countless thousands of one's own race and lineage, and to think that long after men have forgotten your name some heritage of freedom

will survive to say that there once lived one who loved his country?"

"This is very pretty enthusiasm."

"Oh, how is it that you, who can stimulate one's heart to such confessions, know nothing of the sentiment?"

"I have my ambitions," said she, coldly—almost sternly.

"Let me hear some of them."

"They are not like yours, though they are perhaps just as impossible." She spoke in a broken, unconnected manner, like one who was talking aloud the thoughts that came laggingly; then, with a sudden earnestness, she said, "I'll tell you one of them. It's to catch the broad bold light that has just beat on the old castle there, and brought out all its rich tints of grays and yellows in such a glorious wealth of color. Place my easel here, under the trees; spread that rug for yourself to lie on. No—you won't have it? Well, fold it neatly, and place it there for my feet: very nicely done. And now, Signor Ribello, you may unpack that basket and arrange our breakfast, and when you have done all these, throw yourself down on the grass, and either tell me a pretty story, or recite some nice verses for me, or be otherwise amusing and agreeable."

"Shall I do what will best please myself? If so, it will be to lie here and look at you."

"Be it so," said she, with a sigh. "I have always thought, in looking at them, how saints are bored by being worshiped—it adds fearfully to martyrdom, but, happily, I am used to it. 'Oh, the vanity of that girl!' Yes, Sir, say it out; tell her frankly that if she has no friend to caution her against this besetting wile, that you will be that friend. Tell her that whatever she has of attraction is spoiled and marred by this self-consciousness, and that just as you are a rebel without knowing it, so should she be charming and never suspect it. Is not that coming nicely," said she, pointing to the drawing; "see how that tender light is carried down from those gray walls to the banks beneath, and dies away in that little pool, where the faintest breath of air is rustling. Don't look at me, Sir, look at my drawing."

"True, there is no tender light there," muttered he, gazing at her eyes, where the enormous size of the pupils had given a character of steadfast brilliancy, quite independent of shape, or size, or color.

"You know very little about it," said she, saucily; then, bending over the drawing, she said, "That middle distance wants a bit of color: you shall aid me here."

"How am I to aid you?" asked he, in sheer simplicity.

"I mean that you should be that bit of color, there. Take my scarlet cloak, and perch yourself yonder on that low rock. A few minutes will do. Was there ever immortality so cheaply purchased! Your biographer shall tell that you were the figure in that famous sketch—what will be called, in the cant of art, one of Nina Kostalergi's earliest and happiest efforts. There, now, dear Mr. Donogan, do as you are bid."

"Do you know the Greek ballad, where a youth remembers that the word 'dear' has been coupled with his name—a passing courtesy, if even so much, but enough to light up a whole chamber in his heart?"

"I know nothing of Greek ballads. How does it go?"

"It is a simple melody, in a low key." And he sang in a deep but tremulous voice, to a very plaintive air,

> "I took her hand within my own,
> I drew her gently nearer,
> And whispered almost on her cheek,
> 'Oh, would that I were dearer.'
> Dearer! No, that's not my prayer:
> A stranger, e'en the merest,
> Might chance to have some value there;
> But *I* would be the dearest."

"What had he done to merit such a hope?" said she, haughtily.

"Loved her—only loved her!"

"What value you men must attach to this gift of your affection, when it can nourish such thoughts as these! Your very willfulness is to win us—is not that your theory? I expect from the man who offers me his heart that he means to share with me his own power and his own ambition—to make me the partner of a station that is to give me some pre-eminence I had not known before, nor could gain unaided."

"And you would call that marrying for love?"

"Why not? Who has such a claim upon my life as he who makes the life worth living for? Did you hear that shout?"

"I heard it," said he, standing still to listen.

"It came from the village. What can it mean?"

"It is the old war-cry of the houseless," said he, mournfully. "It's a note we are well used to here. I must go down to learn. I'll be back presently."

"You are not going into danger?" said she; and her cheek grew paler as she spoke.

"And if I were, who is to care for it?"

"Have you no mother, sister, sweetheart?"

"No, not one of the three. Good-by."

"But if I were to say—stay?"

"I should still go. To have your love, I'd sacrifice even my honor. Without it—" he threw up his arms despairingly and rushed away.

"These are the men whose tempers compromise us," said she, thoughtfully. "We come to accept their violence as a reason, and take mere impetuosity for an argument. I am glad that he did not shake my resolution. There, that was another shout, but it seemed in joy. There was a ring of gladness in it. Now for my sketch." And she reseated herself before her easel. "He shall see when he comes back how diligently I have worked, and how small a share anxiety has had in my thoughts. The one thing men are not proof against is our independence of them." And thus talking in broken sentences to herself, she went on rapidly with her drawing, occasionally stopping to gaze on it, and humming some old Italian ballad to herself. "His Greek air was pretty. Not that it was Greek; these fragments of melody were left behind them by the Venetians, who, in all lust of power, made songs about contented poverty and humble joys. I feel intensely hungry, and if my dangerous guest does not return soon I shall have to breakfast alone—another way of showing him how little his fate has interested me. My foreground here does want that bit of color. Why does he not come back?" As she rose to look at her drawing, the sound of somebody running attracted her attention, and turning, she saw it was her foot-page Larry coming at full speed.

"What is it, Larry? what has happened?" asked she.

"You are to go—as fast as you can," said he; which being, for him, a longer speech than usual, seemed to have exhausted him.

"Go where? and why?"

"Yes," said he, with a stolid look, "you are."

"I am to do what? Speak out, boy! Who sent you here?"

"Yes," said he again.

"Are they in trouble yonder? Is there fighting at the village?"

"No." And he shook his head, as though he said so regretfully.

"Will you tell me what you mean, boy?"

"The pony is ready," said he, as he stooped down to pack away the things in the basket.

"Is that gentleman coming back here—that gentleman whom you saw with me?"

"He is gone; he got away." And here he laughed in a malicious way that was more puzzling even than his words.

"And am I to go back home at once?"

"Yes," replied he, resolutely.

"Do you know why—for what reason?"

"I do."

"Come, then, like a good boy, tell me, and you shall have this." And she drew a piece of silver from her purse, and held it temptingly before him. "Why should I go back, now?"

"Because," muttered he, "because—" and it was plain, from the glance in his eyes, that the bribe had engaged all his faculties.

"So, then, you will not tell me?" said she, replacing the money in her purse.

"Yes," said he, in a despondent tone.

"You can have it still, Larry, if you will but say who sent you here."

"*He* sent me," was the answer.

"Who was he? Do you mean the gentleman who came here with me?" A nod assented to this. "And what did he tell you to say to me?"

"Yes," said he, with a puzzled look, as though once more the confusion of his thoughts was mastering him.

"So, then, it is that you will not tell me?" said she, angrily. He made no answer, but went on packing the plates in the basket. "Leave those there, and go and fetch me some water from the spring yonder." And she gave him a jug as she spoke, and now she reseated herself on the grass. He obeyed at once, and returned speedily with the water.

"Come now, Larry," said she kindly to him; "I'm sure you mean to be a good boy. You shall breakfast with me. Get me a cup, and I'll give you some milk; here is bread and cold meat."

"Yes," muttered Larry, whose mouth was already too much engaged for speech.

"You will tell me by-and-by what they were doing at the village, and what that shouting meant—won't you?"

"Yes," said he, with a nod. Then suddenly bending his head to listen, he motioned with his hand to keep silence, and, after a long breath, said, "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" asked she, eagerly; but at the same instant a man emerged from the copse below the hill, followed by several others, whom she saw by their dress and equipment to belong to the constabulary.

Approaching with his hat in his hand, and with that air of servile civility which marked him, old Gill addressed her. "If it's not displazin' to ye, miss, we want to ax you a few questions," said he.

"You have no right, Sir, to make any such request," said she, with a haughty air.

"There was a man with you, my lady," he went on, "as you drove through Cruhan, and we want to know where he is now."

"That concerns you, Sir, and not me."

"Maybe it does, my lady," said he, with a grin; "but I suppose you know who you were traveling with?"

"You evidently don't remember, Sir, whom you are talking to."

"The law is the law, miss, and there's none of us above it," said he, half-defiantly; "and when there's some hundred pounds on a man's head there's few of us such fools as to let him slip through our fingers."

"I don't understand you, Sir, nor do I care to do so."

"The sergeant there has a warrant against him," said he, in a whisper he intended to be confidential; "and it's not to do any thing that your ladyship would think rude that I came up myself. There's how it is now," muttered he, still lower. "They want to search the luggage, and examine the baskets there, and maybe, if you don't object, they'd look through the carriage."

"And if I should object to this insult?" broke she in.

"Faix, I believe," said he, laughing, "they'd do it all the same. Eight hundred—I think it's eight—isn't to be made any day of the year!"

"My uncle is a justice of the peace, Mr. Gill; and you know if he will suffer such an outrage to go unpunished."

"There's the more reason that a justice should not harbor a Fenian, miss," said he, boldly; "as he'll know when he sees the search-warrant."

"Get ready the carriage, Larry," said she, turning contemptuously away, "and follow me toward the village."

"The sergeant, miss, would like to say a word or two," said Gill, in his accustomed voice of servility.

"I will not speak with him," said she, proudly, and swept past him.

The constables stood to one side, and saluted in military fashion as she passed down the hill. There was that in her queen-like gesture and carriage that so impressed them, the men stood as though on parade.

Slowly and thoughtfully, as she sauntered along, her thoughts turned to Donogan. Had he escaped? was the idea that never left her. The presence of these men here seemed to favor that impression; but there might be others on his track, and if so, how in that wild bleak space was he to conceal himself? A single man moving miles away on the bog could be seen. There was no covert, no shelter any where. What an interest did his fate now suggest! and yet a moment back she believed herself indifferent to him. "Was he aware of his danger," thought she, "when he lay there talking carelessly to me? was that recklessness the bravery of a bold man who despised peril?" And if so, what stuff these souls were made of! These were not of the Kearney stamp, that needed to be stimulated and goaded to any effort in life; nor like Atlee, the fellow who relied on trick and knavery for success; still less such as Walpole, self-worshipers and triflers. "Yes," said she, aloud, "a woman might feel that with such a man at her side the battle of life need not affright her. He might venture too far, he might aspire to much that was beyond his reach, and strive for the impossible, but that grand bold spirit would sustain him, and carry him through all the smaller storms of life, and such a man might be a hero, even to her, who saw him daily. These are the dreamers, as we call them," said she. "How strange it would be if *they* should prove the realists, and that it was *we* should be the mere shadows! If these be the men who move empires and make history, how doubly ignoble are we in our contempt of them!" And then she bethought her what a different faculty was that great faith that these men had in themselves from common vanity; and in this way she was led again to compare Donogan and Walpole.

She reached the village before her little carriage had overtaken her, and saw that the people stood about in groups and knots. A depressing silence prevailed over them, and they rarely spoke above a whisper. The same respectful greeting, however, which welcomed her before met her again; and as they lifted their hats, she saw, or thought she saw, that they looked on her with a more tender interest. Several policemen moved about through the crowd, who, though they saluted her respectfully, could not refrain from scrutinizing her appearance and watching her as she went. With that air of haughty self-possession which well became her—for it was no affectation—she swept proudly along, resolutely determined not to utter a word, or even risk a question as to the way.

Twice she turned to see if her pony were coming, and then resumed her road. From the excited air and rapid gestures of the police, as they hurried from place to place, she could guess that up to this Donogan had not been captured. Still, it seemed hopeless that concealment in such a place could be accomplished.

As she gained the little stream that divided the village, she stood for a moment uncertain, when a countrywoman, as it were divining her difficulty, said, "If you will cross over the bridge, my lady, the path will bring you out on the high-road."

As Nina turned to thank her, the woman looked up from her task of washing in the river, and made a gesture with her hand toward the bog. Slight as the action was, it appealed to that Southern intelligence that reads a sign even faster than a word. Nina saw that the woman meant to say Donogan had escaped, and once more she said, "Thank you—from my heart I thank you!"

Just as she emerged upon the high-road, her pony and carriage came up. A sergeant of police was, however, in waiting beside it, who, saluting her respectfully, said, "There was no disrespect meant to you, miss, by our search of the carriage—our duty obliged us to do it. We have a warrant to apprehend the man that was seen with you this morning, and it's only that we know who you are, and where you came from, prevents us from asking you to come before our chief."

He presented his arm to assist her to her place as he spoke; but she declined the help, and, without even noticing him in any way, arranged her rugs and wraps around her, took the reins, and motioning Larry to his place, drove on.

"Is my drawing safe? have all my brushes and pencils been put in?" asked she, after a while.

But already Larry had taken his leave, and she could see him as he flitted across the bog to catch her by some short-cut.

That strange contradiction by which a woman can journey alone and in safety through the midst of a country only short of open insurrection filled her mind as she went, and thinking of it in every shape and fashion occupied her for miles of the way. The desolation, far as the eye could reach, was complete—there was not a habitation, not a human thing, to be seen. The dark brown desert faded away in the distance into low-lying clouds, the only break to the dull uniformity being some stray "clamp," as it is called, of turf, left by the owners from some accident of season or bad weather, and which loomed out now against the sky like a vast fortress.

This long, long day—for so without any weariness she felt it—was now in the afternoon, and already long shadows of these turf-mounds stretched their giant limbs across the waste. Nina, who had eaten nothing since at early morning, felt faint and hungry. She halted her pony, and taking out some bread and a bottle of milk, proceeded to make a frugal luncheon. The complete loneliness, the perfect silence, in which even the rattling of the harness as the pony shook himself made itself felt, gave something of solemnity to the moment as the young girl sat there and gazed half terrified around her.

As she looked, she thought she saw something pass from one turf-clamp to the other, and watching closely, she could distinctly detect a figure crouching near the ground, and, after some minutes, emerging into the open space, again to be hid by some vast turf-mound. There, now—there could not be a doubt—it was a man, and he was waving his handkerchief as a signal. It was Donogan himself—she could recognize him well. Clearing the long drains at a bound, and with a speed that vouched for perfect training, he came rapidly forward, and leaping the wide trench, alighted at last on the road beside her.

"I have watched you for an hour, and, but for this lucky halt, I should not have overtaken you after all," cried he, as he wiped his brow and stood panting beside her.

"Do you know that they are in pursuit of you?" cried she, hastily.

"I know it all. I learned it before I reached the village, and in time—only in time—to make a circuit and reach the bog. Once there, I defy the best of them."

"They have what they call a warrant to search for you."

"I know that, too," cried he. "No, no!" said he, passionately, as she offered him a drink. "Let me have it from the cup you have drunk from. It may be the last favor I shall ever ask you—don't refuse me this."

She touched the glass slightly with her lips, and handed it to him with a smile.

"What peril would I not brave for this!" cried he, with a wild ecstasy.

"Can you not venture to return with me?" said she, in some confusion, for the bold gleam of his gaze now half abashed her.

"No. That would be to compromise others as well as myself. I must gain Dublin how I can. There I shall be safe against all pursuit. I have come back for nothing but disappointment," added he, sorrowfully. "This country is not ready to rise—they are too many-minded for a common effort. The men like Wolfe Tone are not to be found among us now, and to win freedom you must dare the felony."

"Is it not dangerous to delay so long here?" asked she, looking around her with anxiety.

"So it is—and I will go. Will you keep this for me?" said he, placing a thick and much-worn pocket-book in her hands. "There are papers there would risk far better heads than mine; and if I should be taken, these must not be discovered. It may be, Nina—oh, forgive me if I say your name! but it is such joy to me to utter it once—it may be that you should chance to hear some word whose warning might save me. If so, and if you would deign to write to me, you'll find three, if not four, addresses, under any of which you could safely write to me."

"I shall not forget. Good fortune be with you. Adieu!"

She held out her hand; but he bent over it and kissed it rapturously; and when he raised his head, his eyes were streaming, and his cheeks deadly pale. "Adieu!" said she again.

He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips; and when, after she had driven some distance away, she turned to look after him, he was standing on the same spot in the road, his hat at his feet, where it had fallen when he stooped to kiss her hand.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RETURN.

KATE KEARNEY was in the act of sending out scouts and messengers to look out for Nina, whose long absence had begun to alarm her, when she heard that she had returned and was in her room.

"What a fright you have given me, darling!" said Kate, as she threw her arms about her and kissed her affectionately. "Do you know how late you are?"

"No; I only know how tired I am."

"What a long day of fatigue you must have gone through! Tell me of it all."

"Tell me rather of yours. You have had the great Mr. Walpole here: is it not so?"

"Yes; he is still here—he has graciously given us another day, and will not leave till to-morrow night."

"By what good fortune have you been so favored as this?"

"Ostensibly to finish a long conversation or conference with papa, but really and truthfully, I suspect, to meet Mademoiselle Kostalergi, whose absence has piqued him."

"Yes; piqued is the word. It is the extreme of the pain he is capable of feeling. What has he said of it?"

"Nothing beyond the polite regrets that courtesy could express, and then adverted to something else."

"With an abruptness that betrayed preparation."

"Perhaps so."

"Not perhaps, but certainly so. Vanity such as his has no variety. It repeats its moods over and over: but why do we talk of him? I have other things to tell you of. You know that man who came here with Dick; that Mr.—"

"I know—I know," cried the other, hurriedly; "what of him?"

"He joined me this morning, on my way through the bog, and drove with me to Cruhan."

"Indeed!" muttered Kate, wonderingly.

"A strange, wayward, impulsive sort of creat-